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pacific character of a hospital ship requires that the commander shall be a non-combatant. This was the Japanese policy in the war with Russia, and, if we are correctly informed, is necessitated by recent action at the Hague Peace Conference. But the technical naval officer at once quotes the colloquy said to have taken place on the army hospital-ship Relief when a visitor asked for the captain. "Which do you want, the quartermaster-captain, the soldier-captain, the doctor-captain, or the captain of the ship?" There is no need for two of these, the soldier-captain and the quartermaster-captain, for soldiers are bound to obey the orders of a medical officer, and the quartermaster duties can be performed by an assistant surgeon, detailed as acting quartermaster. There must be a navigating master, of course. To our mind, he should be a civilian who would bear to the commanding surgeon the same relationship which the master of a yacht bears to its owner. The commanding of improvised hospital ships by belligerent officers has more than once done great harm to the patients. Civilian masters, be it noted, are employed on most of the navy's colliers to-day.

If the Reuterdahl charges, recently printed in *McClure's Magazine*, and the dispute between line and staff as to the command of the hospital ship shall lead to a reorganization of Navy Department bureaus, the outcome of present trouble will be happy. Some way of consolidating the bureaus should be found, so that public business may proceed properly, and a battleship commander may not receive conflicting orders as to sailing from a navy yard. The need of the hour is coördination; the House and Senate Naval Committees are reported to have discovered how antagonistic the bureaus are, or at least how independent of one another. There are seven of them, all vital to the efficiency of the fleet; if they pull together, they can accomplish much; if they work at cross purposes, the result is delay, waste, and inefficiency. Some time ago

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The whole country, we believe, is with the President when he insists that it is Nevada's business to protect life and property in Goldfield. As to immediate policy, Gov. Sparks has gained a point in securing the staying of United States troops for three weeks longer, while the President has forced the summoning of the State Legislature in special session. There is no disposition at Washington to do police work, however important, merely because a State government is feeble, indifferent, or timorous. But police work is, after all, only one branch of public activity, and the Administration which now keeps so strictly to its own sphere has been uncommonly ready to undertake tasks that had always been regarded as belonging to the States. We have heard in the last few years of many things which the States really ought to do, but which would not get done at all unless the Federal government did them. Protecting the food supply, animal and vegetable, curbing the railroads, regulating corporations, suppressing child labor, conserving the forests, developing the waterways, have been among them. We are not saying that what the government has done hitherto in connection with such tasks has been unwise. But the burden of proof has been so forced on the *opponents* of every extension of Federal function, that it is a satisfaction to have the opposite doctrine now insisted on so stoutly.

Every fair-minded man should welcome the bringing of a suit to test the President's right to discharge without honor the soldiers of the Twenty-fifth Infantry, for their alleged failure to confess the plot to "shoot up" Brownsville. The result of the Senate inquiry cannot be satisfactory, because the committee will split on personal or partisan lines. Moreover, the President and the War Department are bent on proving the men guilty, and are therefore far from being in a judicial frame of mind. This fact appears afresh in the recent dispatches. A week or two ago Senator Foraker discovered by chemical analysis that the bullets fired into the houses at Brownsville contained antimony, a substance that, according to the War Department's formula, is not used by the makers of the army bullets. Now Gen. Crozier, the Chief of Ordnance, triumphantly announces that there is antimony in all the army bullets. The makers, he now gladly shows, have long been violating their contracts. Thus Gen. Crozier's ordnance officers, who are appointed to see that the country gets what it pays for, have been negligent in not detecting the cheat. A similar desire to prove that its men were guilty has actuated the Department in the matter of identifying the rifles used. A court review will decide whether the President can violate the government's contract with a soldier on an unverified suspicion that he took part in some wrongdoing.

Other candidates may be boomed for the Presidency by clubs, committees, or conventions, but only Fairbanks is backed by a "love-feast." Last week the Indiana Republicans "in biennial love-feast assembled," praised his "poise" and "conservative courage," and called upon the country to elect him President. Let not the ribald make a mock of this. The very term, love-feast, indicates political strength. It is borrowed from Methodist practice, and recalls the fact that many a successful politician in the Middle West has been—we might almost say, has to be—a Methodist. Grant and Hayes and McKinley were of that denomination, as are a multitude which no man can number of Representatives and Senators. The reasons why the Methodist Church has been a mighty power in politics throughout the Central West, are bound up with the great material development of those States, and the rise of the children of the old circuit-riders and their parishioners to affluence. The denomination has become conscious of its power, and has used it. The result is that being "a good Methodist" is a valuable political asset. Without it, Fairbanks would be negligible: with it—well, there are several million Baptists also, and if it comes to a contest between Fairbanks and Hughes, the doctrine of falling from grace will have a hard struggle with the perseverance of the saints.

Here are the New England cotton-mills cutting down production by 25 per cent., and there is no man to shake his gory locks at tariff-revision and say thou didst it. Nor did "standing pat" prevent it. Senator Lodge ought to be seen about

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this. No statesman has explained to his thick-witted constituents more patiently than he, that to touch the tariff would be to make the tall chimneys stop smoking, and the turbines cease revolving. Well, the tariff is untouched, but business is not. What has happened to the Republican magic that its efficacy has thus failed? Inquiry ought to be made of President Roosevelt. A late convert is often the most zealous expounder of the faith; and as a former free-trader now become a pillar in the stand-pat church, Mr. Roosevelt ought to be able to explain why Providence has suddenly resigned as the leading member of the Republican party. Some one ought to put a question to Secretary Taft, also. He is a paulo-post-future tariff reviser, and elaborately argued in his Columbus speech that nothing should be done till after the next Presidential election, since if the subject were even discussed now, a chill would fall upon manufacturing industries, and our great goddess prosperity would feel outraged. A public man so in the secrets of destiny ought to be just the one to tell us why the high tariff is of no avail to prevent a panic and depression which the soothsayers of his party have assured us it would forever avert.

The War Department has advertised for bids on military airships in the same matter-of-fact way in which it might ask for proposals for stoves or wagons. If anybody can deliver a machine which is up to the requirements, our government will pay liberally; if not, it will go without. Surprise is expressed at Washington that the tests prescribed are considerably more rigid than those for the still unclaimed Deutsch prize. Yet they look to the only type of airship which would be of any real use in warfare. It must be able to navigate against the wind, to stay in the air continuously for an hour, to make a speed of forty miles per hour, to ascend under any conditions, to land in a field without damage, and to be manageable by any operator of reasonable expertness. There has been much enthusiasm over the European successes with propelled gas-bags, but the machine of practical utility must certainly possess all the qualities which our authorities have noted in their memorandum, if not more. Whether it would have been wiser to encourage inventors by offering rewards for partial successes—as Congress subsidized the Langley aerodrome—is a question of policy. The War Department has decided not to spend money for playthings. If it should succeed in obtaining the first real flyer, the result would be both a vindication and a triumph.

One of our readers wrote recently to inquire whether the enlightened self-interest of private forest-owners would not be a stronger force toward the perpetuation of our forests than any governmental regulation. "If private management of enterprises generally is conceded to be superior in foresight and economy," he asked, in effect, "why should it be assumed that forestry is an exception to the rule?" It is, indeed, customary to point to the growth of forestry schools and the general employment of trained foresters by lumber companies, and other users of timber, as evidence that the country has at last seen the error of its ways. Conclusions like these, however, though sound enough in some ways, need still to be qualified. As Ernest Bruncken points out in the current number of *Forestry and Irrigation*, the scientific forestry of to-day "is still principally 'extractive' forestry, the harvesting of the supply furnished by unaided nature, only some care is taken to avoid unnecessary waste." "Productive" forestry, which looks toward securing a new future supply, "is still a rare exception in this country." What the American forest offers to-day is practically government-bond interest with lumber-yard security. Fire is an ever-present danger, and systems of taxation have yet to be adapted to the culture of so slow-growing a crop as the lumber-yielding trees. Added to these factors is the temptation to anticipate future profits. Our forests, it is estimated, will supply our industrial needs if they can be made to yield thirty cubic feet of lumber per acre annually. The annual growth at present averages far less than that—some say as low as ten feet to the acre, though European countries have proved it possible to produce much more than thirty. The owner of an American forest to-day must either content himself with cutting only the annual increase, which will provide him but the smallest return on his investment, or else cut more than the annual growth, and thus in time destroy his forest. By doing the latter he can probably make generous profits during all the time that he, personally, is likely to need the money. It is this condition which has made students of the subject practically a unit in advocating public control. This does not mean that private interests are having no part in the great work of "conserving our natural resources." Industrial corporations, plagued by the rising price of wood, have protected themselves extensively by buying woodlands. The railways East and West have planted millions of young trees which will furnish the ties of the future. The paper mills own tracts of forest, as do some of the furniture factories. It is in connection with these special uses that the conservative tendencies through private agencies are best seen.

"Alcohol," so the dictionary informs us, "is a powerful stimulant." We would suggest, on contemporary evidence, that the mere idea of alcohol—denatured alcohol—is a stimulant also. Otherwise, why have the prophecies of cheap industrial alcohol for this country gone so wofully wrong? Two years ago Congress removed the tax from industrial alcohol. One year ago it so far removed other restrictions that the farmer could manufacture alcohol in his own backyard without maintaining a Federal inspector on the premises. Spurred by this doubled generosity, the 10,438,217 persons engaged in agricultural pursuits have, among them, set up exactly ten stills. This is in approximately the ratio of one to the million. In Germany there is a still to every 120 farmers and farm workers. Various explanations are given of the fiasco. Some say we need new patterns of lamps and stoves, some that we need more thrift, some that we need a tariff, though how a tariff can defend the farmer against the competition of native petroleum is another matter. Farmers are not the readiest people in the world to avail themselves of such brand-new opportunities as this, and it may be that if the daring ten are successful, ten thousand will follow their lead next year. Even if they do not, it is no argument against the wisdom of removing needless restrictions from what may be an important industry.

The leader of the New York Oratorio Society makes a proper but, we fear, hopeless plea for the recognition of other oratorios than the "Messiah." He contends that oratorio-goers have not done, as they seem to think, the whole duty of man, when they have gone piously through their annual pilgrimage to the shrine of Handel. But ingrained habit cannot be overcome by the most convincing argument. Just as there are thousands of people to whom a book means a novel, so there are excellent thousands more to whom an oratorio means only the "Messiah." You may talk to them till your breath is gone about "Gerontius" and the "Vita Nuova," but the very existence of such works they will go on blissfully ignoring. We can only wish Frank Damrosch success in his efforts to broaden the musical taste of his public, but it is an up-hill work which he has undertaken. Indeed, if he were actually to compass such a revolution, he would destroy one of our most venerable definitions of a certain order of citizenship—the man who has mutton-chop whiskers, wears "spats," dines at twelve o'clock, votes the straight Republican ticket, and goes to the "Messiah."

The agreement finally arrived at between the Foreign Office at Tokio and the Canadian Minister of Labor may be

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regarded as ending the present phase of the anti-Japanese movement in Canada and this country. Without abandoning any of its treaty rights, the Mikado's government has agreed for the future so to "control" emigration as practically to prohibit the influx of laborers into Canada. A similar agreement is on the point of conclusion with our own Ambassador. Wise foresight counsels Japan, while yielding to the present outburst of anti-Japanese feeling on the American Pacific Coast, not to abandon rights which may prove valuable when the present agitation shall subside. If Asiatic emigration is as sensitive to economic conditions in the United States as European emigration has recently been, the task of holding back the Japanese from America should not now be difficult.

The Central American republics have searched their hearts thoroughly, and for every transgression they have concluded a treaty. No less than eight separate agreements are the result of the recent conference in Washington. The final treaty, in which the signatory Powers pledge themselves not to recognize any government established in a neighboring state by violence or other extra-Constitutional means, shows with what painful anxiety the conference delegates sought for guarantees against their own weaknesses. Yet the efficacy of the new treaties will depend largely on the influence which the United States and Mexico, as officially recognized friends, may come to exercise. That Central America itself may grow distinctly more sober in the near future is not improbable. The very conference at Washington is indicative of aspiration for more stable government and the resulting industrial development.

The reason given by Lord Curzon for his decision to enter the House of Lords as a representative Irish peer, instead of seeking a seat in the Commons, embodies, unintentionally perhaps, as biting a criticism of the British upper house as any Radical politician has lately been known to utter. It had long been his ambition to enter the House of Commons, declared Lord Curzon, "but the strain of his work as Viceroy had proved too much for his strength, and the opinion of his medical advisers had driven him reluctantly to the conclusion that he could not reënter that House." Among the legislating peers, of course, there is no probability of Lord Curzon's endangering his health. Convening as they ordinarily do at 4:17 P. M., and adjourning at 4:45 P. M., no overstrung or fever-eaten servant of the Empire could find the pace more than the gentle exercise needed to keep up one's interest in life. In Lord Curzon's case, it is a misfortune that ill-health should prevent his entering a sphere where his great powers could best be exercised. On his return from India two years ago, Curzon was looked upon as the man who might rehabilitate the fortunes of the Unionist party, standing apart as he d' necessarily from either faction, Chamberlainite or free-trade. Whether Arthur Balfour would have been entirely pleased with the presence in the House of Commons of a political heir whose importance was derived in part from the fact that his views were different from Mr. Balfour's, is a question.

The arrest of the Irish member of Parliament from Westmeath after he had been condemned to six months' imprisonment for contempt of court, shows that the Liberal Government has finally been spurred into taking cognizance of the cattle-driving agitation in Ireland. Mr. Ginnell, the imprisoned M.P., has been the most outspoken advocate of that method of coercing the landlords into placing their pasture lands on the market for purchase through the Land Commission. To force the government to take action, has been the object of the cattle-drivers, and if they have not accomplished all they have expected, they have certainly brought the question squarely before the public. The martyrdom of Mr. Ginnell should not matter greatly. In fact, it helps a Nationalist cause to be able to point to its confessors now and then, and Ireland without one or two members of Parliament who have worn stripes would be like Germany without any incarcerated Socialist leaders, or France without a Monarchist felon or two, or Hungary without a jailed Croatian Deputy. At the same time, the Liberal Cabinet incurs no particular odium for arresting and trying by due process of the law a man who has been clearly guilty of disturbing the public order. That the Irish Parliamentarians are confident of the future would seem to be indicated by the impending reëntrance of William O'Brien, the dissident member from Cork, into the Redmond ranks. A little disunion, a little public disorder, a new bill, reunion, and peace, and then over again—that seems to be Ireland's slow and painful way towards better things.

Berlin's two Harden trials have aroused a good deal of pleasurable emotion on the other side of the Rhine. French public feeling seems to be growing sensitive about the "holier-than-thou" attitude which the rest of the world maintains towards the wicked Gaul. In the case of Great Britain and the United States, the French are attempting to vindicate the general character of their misunderstood literature. As for Germany, Frenchmen make use of an emphatic *tu quoque*. The well-known critic, Gaston Deschamps, in a recent review of the philosophy of Alfred Fouillée, took occasion to draw up a formidable indictment against the spirit that animates modern Germany. Deschamps asserts that, with all her supposed vices of the body, France has nevertheless remained the country where the "idea"—the idea of justice, of internationalism, of humanity, of the superiority of right over violence—has retained its sway. German science and learning, on the other hand, have surrendered themselves to the vindication of brute force over moral ideals. German savants have been Jingoes and worse. Mommsen, in his deification of violence, cunning, and success as personified in Julius Cæsar, is really the progenitor of Nietzsche's frank anarchism. When the war of 1870-71 broke out, David Strauss, author of the "Life of Jesus," was one of those who cried loudest for the utter annihilation of "debauched" France; and it was a Frenchman, Renan, who addressed to the enraged theologian an exquisitely moving letter, in which he deplored, without anger, that one whom he revered as his *maître* should be also his country's enemy.

The Russian government, like every honest and staid man of business, has been actively paying off its old debts and balancing its books for the New Year. Not long ago it squared accounts with twenty-seven members of the second Duma, who received, in full payment of their claims, varying terms at hard labor in the mines and Siberia. Last week, it began negotiations with no less than 169 of its creditors, all members of the first Duma, who signed the celebrated Viborg manifesto in the summer of 1906. The 169 deputies, all charged with high treason, include the president of the first Duma, its vice-president, and the leading men of Russia in every intellectual field. Unlike some American depositors, these creditors of the Russian government are pretty sure of getting what is coming to them. Three years' imprisonment and the loss of civil rights is a fair dividend. Having disposed of the claims arising from the first Duma, the Czar may go still further back, to the leaders of the professional unions which combated the manifesto of August 19, 1905; to the leaders of the Zemstvo Congress who demanded Constitutional government in December, 1904; and so finally, perhaps, to the leaders of the previous Zemstvo Congress, which, without mentioning Constitutions, dared to appeal for relief from intolerable conditions. The Czar has still twelve days until *his* December 31 comes, and in that time an active and determined autocracy may accomplish much.

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IMPERIAL FATALISM.

A foreigner can put some things more bluntly than a native likes to. In a recent address by Lord Curzon, he stated the case of American Imperialism in a way which is more truthful than flattering—though he did not intend to be in the least uncomplimentary. Lord Curzon knows this country well. It is evident, too, that he must have kept himself informed of the movement of public opinion among us; for he is aware that the bloom is off our first Imperialist enthusiasm. Lord Curzon declared that, in his belief, if this country could now be polled on the issue of Imperial expansion, "a large and possibly an overwhelming majority would be against it." Yet he went on to say that circumstances are too strong for this puissant people. They are caught in the toils, and cannot escape. They will do nothing except to moan at their own helplessness. Political parties might denounce the policy entered upon after the Spanish war, as "the more thoughtful Americans might deplore it," but no President and no Congress would take steps to revoke it.

What Lord Curzon was really after was an argument to bring to bear upon Englishmen. They have lately shown signs of lagging in the Imperial struggle. The weary Titan would like to lay down a part of his load—is, indeed, already doing so in South Africa. But this will never do. John Bull must be flogged to his task, and Lord Curzon reaches for the whip of American example. If even a nation with "so little of the instinct of militarism or aggrandizement as America" is swept into the vortex of Imperialism, and finds herself utterly unable to get out, how can England hope to hold aloof from a movement which is so plainly world-wide, and so charged with inexorable fate? We will leave Englishmen to answer that question for themselves; what concerns Americans is to decide whether it is true that they have become slaves of "the strong god circumstance."

It is too late, now, to go back to the might-have-beens. We cannot undo the past, but we can mend the present. For our part, we shall never agree that the annexation of the Philippines was inevitable; but that is now a vain dispute. The islands are ours, and it is for us to say what we shall do with them. And there certainly could be no more bitter humiliation for a great country than to tell it that it cannot do what it wants to with its own property—and this, not because some other and stronger Power forbids, but because the national will and vigor are paralyzed by a mysterious and unescapable fate. This is the doctrine of Imperial fatalism. We are not the lords of our own souls. A strong man has entered our house and bound us, and we have to do his bidding. The national preference is powerfully in one direction, but the national action must be wholly in the opposite. The *vox populi* goes for nothing.

Now, if we are compelled, as Lord Curzon thinks, to lie down ignominiously before a hated Imperialism, then that subject stands apart from all others in the political field. Everywhere else, the argument is that, if we have got into a mess, we must set to work to get out of it. As regards what other matter could it be said that a large and even overwhelming majority of the voters must remain powerless to translate their wishes into action? We have not been bred to think ourselves so fettered. In the spirit of our own ancestors we have been accustomed, when some nerveless man breathed the pious wish, "Well, God mend all," to reply with energy, "Nay, but we'll help him to mend it!"

Any vigorous and self-respecting nation ought to regard it as a libel to say of it that it is so hampered by circumstances that it cannot do justice, cannot deal with great problems in accordance with its own fixed principles. But nobody asks of Americans that they should do anything for the Philippines but treat them in the American way. And there is a visible and strengthening movement to do that very thing. The United States is neither so helpless nor so despairing, in this business, as Lord Curzon imagines. Plans to withdraw from the Philippines are broached and pushed as never before. Resolutions to that end crowd the calendar of Congress. So far from being a closed question, it is more open than ever. There has been, and there still is, much popular indifference on this subject. This is partly the mortified reaction from the ignorant vainglory of 1899. Those who then shouted with joy over the Philippines, now do not want to hear a word about them. But the Americans who to-day are active at all in the Philippine question, are almost all in favor of ending our expansion in the Orient as speedily as may be. Whether by neutralization, by a mere protectorate, or by granting independence outright under suitable guarantees, the thing is urged to-day by more men of more influence than at any time since the war with Spain. Americans have not yet become quietists. If they have made up their minds, as Lord Curzon admits, that Imperialism is a failure, they will find a way to end it.

CAPITAL IN FIXED FORMS.

The recent course of the money market illustrates the old difficulty of periods just before prosperity culminates—the community tends to convert its savings too rapidly into fixed capital. The need of new plants for manufacturing and of new means of transportation becomes so pressing, and promises such generous returns, that the creation of new stock companies for such purposes, with the issue of new securities by old companies, goes on at a bewildering pace. The result is that the capital left available for carrying on the ordinary processes of production—in the form of raw materials, wages of labor, consumable goods in process of marketing, and banking resources—becomes at length inadequate. The supply of surplus capital thus becomes deficient for both purposes—for carrying on current production on the one hand, and for the creation of new enterprises on the other. New issues of stocks and bonds cease to find ready purchasers, and the surplus of these new securities reacts upon security prices all along the line.

The distinction between fixed and circulating capital has been obscured in recent years by the fact that fixed capital acquires a character readily negotiable when put into the form of securities. This makes the titles to fixed property easily transferable from one person to another, but does not change the form of property itself. Securities as a rule do not represent circulating capital, in the economic sense of the word. Commercial paper represents such capital, because it is the outcome of the conversion of raw materials into consumable goods, and the entire operation is completed within a limited period of time. Essentially different in character are loans upon Stock Exchange collateral. So carefully organized is the system of loans upon securities in the New York market, and so amply protected are sound banks and trust companies by the margins which they require, that many bankers have lulled themselves into the idea that such loans are as safe as loans upon commercial paper, while more negotiable. For practical purposes and under normal conditions, this is to a large degree true; but there is an economic error in the popular view of the character of such loans.

When Union Pacific stock rises from 168 to 195 in the course of a few weeks, as occurred in the summer of 1906, the increased amount of money required to buy 100 shares is simply an increase in the investment of fixed capital. If this be taken from the existing fund of savings, it diminishes the fund available for current production. So long as everything goes well, the holder of such securities finds them as convertible into cash as he would find commercial paper, but if it becomes apparent that too much capital has been put into permanent forms, those who wish to get it back into the form of circulating capital may be compelled to make serious sacrifices. This distinction has been so much obscured by the convertible form of stocks and bonds that its real significance has almost escaped the attention even of our most enlightened and far-sighted captains of finance.

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The existing absorption of saved capital duplicates in a mild way that of 1857 and that of 1873. All available capital has been taken for extending plants or building new ones, and no more can be obtained for such purposes without trenching upon the stock of circulating capital necessary to carry on the operations of the community. This condition may arise, even though all the investments in the form of fixed capital are sound. The community is in the position of the individual who may be convinced that a new invention or an extension of his business involving an investment of $50,000 will bring him profits of hundreds of thousands; but he is helpless if he lacks the $50,000.

If conditions at present require the cessation of further railway extensions and other business improvements because of the lack of capital, the results are certain to be felt in many lines of production and distribution. Maladjustment of supply to demand will follow in many fields the curtailment of operations. If, for instance, the demand for steel rails relaxes very greatly, workers in the rail mills will be without employment; their demand for goods will fall off; and if similar conditions extend through varied industries, other workers will be thrown out of employment and will diminish their demand for goods. Distributors of commodities will begin to cut prices to get rid of their goods for cash, and producers will cut down production in the face of diminished demand.

The country is to-day in a plight very different from previous periods of depression. Our monetary system is sound, the leading manufacturing and railway corporations have surplus reserves of cash and credit, and production has not apparently outrun the reasonable anticipation of future demand. Those railroads and other corporations which have, however, postponed new bond issues and other appeals for capital, are undoubtedly acting wisely in diminishing the pressure for converting the savings of the community too rapidly into fixed forms.

COAL-MINE DISASTERS.

The United States Geological Survey brings out a report on "Coal-Mine Accidents, Their Causes and Prevention," at a time when the memory of two recent mine disasters is still fresh. The information here contained gains rather than loses in interest from the fact that it is not the result of a special sensational inquiry, but came from studies "carried on in connection with the general investigation of the waste and destruction of coal in mining operations."

In this instance the work of trained investigators supports the popular belief that something is radically wrong when accidents like those of the last few weeks can occur so frequently. Coal mining, of course, must always be hazardous; and, generally, a more or less plausible explanation is offered to prove that the accident is "unavoidable." The figures presented in this report, however, make it incredible that this country's unenviable record is purely the result of ill luck. In the first place, the authors of the bulletin, Clarence Hall and Walter O. Snelling, declare:

> It is very doubtful whether natural conditions in any other country in the world are so favorable as in the United States for getting out coal with the minimum amount of danger to the workmen employed.

More of our developed coal properties than in any other country present "almost ideal conditions for mining." Nevertheless, in the last five years for which statistics are available, there were killed in our mines an average of 3.39 every year to every thousand employed, as against 2.06 for Prussia, 1.28 for Great Britain, 1.00 for Belgium, and .91 for France. What is more, our ratio of accidents has increased, while those of all these other countries have been materially reduced, as is shown by these figures, taken from more extended tables:

	Killed per thousand employed.	
	1895.	1906.
United States	2.67	3.40
Prussia	2.54	(1904) 1.80
Great Britain	1.49	1.29
Belgium	1.40	.94
France (1901)	1.03	(1905) .84

The ratio of deaths to the tonnage of coal mined has varied greatly from year to year in the United States without showing a steady tendency in either direction. In Great Britain, France, and Belgium it has within the same period decreased almost continuously. In absolute numbers, the return is that in the year 1906 there were 2,061 men killed in American coal mines and 4,800 injured. Since 1890, our total death record has been 22,840.

Why has mining become more dangerous in the United States, while it became safer everywhere else? Joseph A. Holmes, in charge of the technologic branch of the Geological Survey, in an introduction to the present bulletin, makes this summary of causes:

> This increase has been due in part to the lack of proper and enforceable mining regulations; in part to the lack of reliable information concerning the explosives used in mining, and the conditions under which they can be used safely in the presence of the gas and dust encountered in the mines; and in part to the fact that in the development of coal-mining not only is the number of miners increasing, but many areas from which coal is being taken are either deeper or farther from the entrance, where good ventilation is more difficult and the dangerous accumulations of explosive gas more frequent.

Needless to say, the last-named reason applies with even greater force in the older mines of the European countries.

Last year's accidents in this country were classed under four causes. Of the deaths, 1,008, or about half, and 1,863 of the injuries, were caused by falls of roof and coal; 228 deaths and 307 injuries by gas and dust explosions; 80 deaths and 215 injuries by powder explosions; and 732 deaths and 2,192 injuries from "other causes." The restrictions imposed in foreign countries on the use of explosives were originally designed for the prevention of explosions of gas and dust; but they have had an equally gratifying effect in preventing falls of roof and coal. In Belgium, for example, where "fire damp" is exceptionally troublesome, the death rate from explosions has been reduced to one-tenth what it was thirty years ago, while that from falls of roof and coal has been reduced in the same period from .661 to .406 per thousand. The details of the various regulations which have proved effective abroad are matters for expert judgment. In general, experiments have shown that some explosives are much safer than others of equal power. Experiments have also been made to ascertain the charges which may be used without excessive danger. The miners' safety lamp, of course, is familiar to every student of elementary physics. In applying these scientific results the European authorities have been zealous where ours have been lax. They provide for the periodical testing of safety lamps, license certain kinds of explosives, and sometimes require that all charges be placed by expert "shot-firers." In some places sprinkling of the mine passageways is required, in some the installation of rescue tanks of compressed air or oxygen. Finally, inspection is in general more thorough, and penalties for violations of regulations are enforced more strictly on both miner and operator.

To be sure, peculiar conditions are to be reckoned with in this country. Most of our mine workers are foreign-born, and a large proportion do not understand English. Many are inexperienced, and many more careless. With the best intentions in the world, the strict enforcement of regulations cannot be easy. Nor is our national temper favorable to extreme caution. Some of the factors of haste and recklessness which make our mines exceptionally dangerous are to be found also in our railways, our factories, and our methods of building. It may be too optimistic to affirm, as the Geological Survey expert does, that "these mine accidents may be reduced to less than one-third their present number in the United States," or that there is "promise of results which in the future may at least approach complete prevention." No doubt, however, if Legislatures, and the mine-owners as individuals, would only profit by the les-

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sons which other countries have learned, conditions could be vastly improved.

THE INSTITUTIONAL CHURCH AND PREACHING.

A series of articles on "The Social Work of the Church" almost entirely fills the latest *Annals* of the American Academy of Political and Social Science. Certainly, the extraordinary and continuing growth of these forms of religious activity merits such a comprehensive survey. Men and women in the thick of the work, here bring together their various reports, criticisms, and proposals. None of them speaks with more authority, or a clearer philosophy, than the Rev. Edward Judson of this city. Himself at the head of an institutional church of multiform effort, he is the frankest of men in stating the reason of its being. It is "adverse environment" which compels a given church to "institutionalize." The ordinary religious appeals wholly fail; and so the church has to turn to educational, charitable, and social endeavor. Besides the religious services on Sunday, it has to take up such tasks as Mr. Judson specifies in his own field of labor—"gymnastic classes for women and girls, gymnastic classes for men, gymnastic classes for boys, boys' clubs, singing classes, sewing school, children's hour with the stereopticon and moving pictures, men's tea on Sunday nights, Young People's Literary Society, and so forth."

With every aim of this sort at the physical, mental, and social betterment of people who will not go to church, but flock to clubs, no man of just feeling can fail to sympathize. If it breaks with the old tradition, it allies itself with the new humaneness. Though it may seldom satisfy those who wish to bring sinners under pious influences unawares, and make philanthropy a lure to religion, yet the incidental benefits remain. Incidental disadvantages also necessarily accrue. One of them is, undoubtedly, a lowering of the prestige of preaching. The institutional church tends in two ways to rob the pulpit of its glory: it subordinates the sermon, even when it is good, and, by its tax on the time and strength of the minister, makes the good sermon still rarer.

It might not be possible to work out a causal connection between the two, but it is at least suggestive that the great heightening of the social function of the church has gone with a decline in the reputation of the preacher, as such. One does not need to have a very long memory to recall the time when the names of eloquent preachers in this city counted for more than the designation of their churches. The visitor over Sunday knew in advance of the "men worth hearing." To "hear" Mr. Beecher or Dr. Storrs, John Hall or Dr. Taylor, was an object with many in coming to New York at all. It seems safe to say that, with the possible exception of Dr. Parkhurst (and his fame is different in kind from that of the others mentioned), no name stands to-day for that kind of attraction to the sojourner in New York. Strangers nowadays go to church; they do not go to listen to renowned pulpit orators.

In individual cases, at least, the breaking down of the preacher by the cares of the administrator, seems clearly traceable. It may have happened in the old days that a clergyman was invisible all the week, and incomprehensible on Sunday; but to-day the trouble is apt to be that he is only too visible all the week, "running" the church, and exhausting his nervous energy in serving tables to such an extent that he is in speech contemptible on Sunday. You cannot plough with a race-horse and expect him to keep his speed. A man absorbed in business for six days, cannot emerge as an uplifting speaker on the seventh. An orator must be *plus* who hopes to be a true master of assemblies—not one whose thoughts and spring have been drawn down to *minus* by exacting labors as a collector of funds and a manager of clubs. The great preachers have been seers who were given leisure through the week in which to dream their dreams and shape their prophecies. But the institutional church leaves the clergy no time even to think.

The church cannot afford to still the voice of her prophets. Christianity has been preëminently the preached religion. Its Founder sent forth the Apostles to preach. All through the history of the Christian Church, the living utterance of spiritual men has been the great corrector and quickener. Inspired preaching has in it the greatest power known to man—that of a kindled personality. It is the most potent fascination which anything exterior in the church can wield—more vivid than music, more direct than even grand architecture and fit adornment of the temple. With the right man in the pulpit, allowed time for brooding thoughts and careful choice of form, nowhere else can speech be so clothed upon with power. If the institutional church were inevitably to degrade that great Christian function to the droning of imbecilities, its condemnation could not be too strongly pronounced.

This, however, is by no means necessary. A division of labor would meet the difficulty. Means should be found to maintain and even extend the social activities of the church, without crushing the born preacher under a burden of administration grievous to be borne. If the institutional church is finally to justify itself, it must provide methods and money by which the organizer and the superintendent may be set apart for their special work, while he whose lips have been touched with a live coal can be free to flame and thunder in the pulpit. We ourselves believe that the dearth of great preachers is only temporary. The high themes are there; the human heart remains the same; the opportunity and the aspiration appeal to lofty natures as of old. A time of theological break-up is apt to be sterile in eloquence. Doubt chokes full utterance. But when the servants of the church find their mental footing firm again, we shall once more hear the sincere and moving human voices which, from the beginning till now, have best carried Christian truth into the hearts and lives of men.

THE COLLEGE GRINDSTONE.

The recently published "Life and Letters of Sir Richard Jebb" must fill the occupants of academic chairs in America with envious despair. This picture of the life of a college professor in Great Britain is far different from that of the college professor in America. It is different, of course, from that of the average university teacher in England; for Jebb was a man of exceptional parts; he was able to do large amounts of various kinds of work—teaching, investigating, lecturing, and writing—all of it brilliant. Nevertheless, he represents an ideal of accomplishment and achievement toward which the English university teacher more or less consciously strives. In America, on the other hand, this notion of the scholar and man of letters combined in one person is but dimly conceived by most members of the academic body; and it has apparently never entered the heads of many college trustees. We have had a Longfellow and a Lowell; and among the living we might name a few more who enjoy something beyond parochial fame; but the vast majority can hope to be nothing more than competent teachers and the editors of useful text-books—a respectable but not an inspiring career.

The reasons for this shortcoming—if we may use so harsh a word—are not far to seek. We need only refer to the fact that in but few places in this country is any tradition of culture firmly established. We have not half a dozen university seats where a man like Jebb would have received strong encouragement, to say nothing of stimulation. Moreover, he would be something of an alien within the university itself. The steady mediocrities and the glib talkers who figure so largely in our boards of trustees and who are not infrequently chosen to college presidencies, are naturally biassed by an unconscious but none the less genuine distrust of men who are not of their own kind. These authorities, though they nominally desire to encourage scholarly production, really like best the solid teacher who carries a huge amount of class and committee work capably and

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without flinching, or that other one who dissipates his energies in keeping the college constituency "warm"—talking at all the teachers' meetings and similar gatherings. These are the activities that, in the eyes of college administrators, actually count, and therefore win solid rewards. Nor is this surprising. Most American colleges are much straitened for money. The one thing which they must do is to maintain the class-room instruction as well as may be, and keep growing in numbers so as to appeal to the public as an institution deserving of more liberal support. To these two ends other aims are, by the pressure of a growing population, clamorous alumni, and an empty treasury, ruthlessly sacrificed.

To the merchants, manufacturers, and bankers, who constitute the backbone of our intelligent and public-spirited boards of trustees, it appears absurd that a professor should find fifteen or twenty hours of class-work a week a heavy load. Three or four hours of teaching or lecturing a day, for nine months in the year, seems to your business man mere play. Yet the truth is that six or eight hours a week of first-rate class work, informed as to the latest results of research, thoroughly digested, and carefully presented, will keep a professor busy. If he attempts more, he degenerates into a machine; he offers the same lectures and cracks the same jokes year after year. That is, he has no chance to refresh himself, to get new points of view, in fine, to think. For the professor the time spent in experimentation that is not immediately productive of striking results, in reading, in mulling over his ideas while he walks, plays golf, or rides the bicycle, and in discussing with a colleague the newest theory as to the constitution of matter or the recently discovered fragment of Menander, is not pure loafing or genteel recreation. This is the very process by which he subjugates his facts, assimilates his learning, and ripens his scholarship. But the unhappy truth is that thinking is a luxury in which our average underpaid and over-driven college teacher cannot afford to indulge. Whatever his personal inclinations, he knows that the people to whom he must look for approval, for means to extend his department, for library books and laboratory apparatus, for bread and butter for himself and his children—that these people are primarily interested in other things; and that he is at liberty to do only so much thinking as is compatible with devoting all his time and energy to classes and committees.

Of Jebb at Glasgow we read that his work was heavy, but that the six months of vacation were priceless. In them he wrote for the better English periodicals, brought out his "Attic Orators," composed his book on Bentley, visited Troy in order to study Schliemann's theories, wrote his "Introduction to Homer," and published his Sophocles. To this statement our hard-headed American administrator may reply that if a man has in him the stuff of great scholarship, if he really has a message for the world, he will find a way to deliver it. True, men of extraordinary capacity will surmount all obstacles; but that is not precisely a reason for putting obstacles in their way. We grant also that a capable teacher is more useful than a tenth-rate author. But there is much writing, now tenth-rate, that might be solid and valuable, though not necessarily inspired, had our college professors the opportunity to make the most of their material, and, indeed, of their own minds. We grant also that too much leisure might make dilettantes of those teachers who fancy they have a strong bent toward literature simply because they are too lazy to do anything but sit and read a book or amuse undergraduates with slap-dash generalizations. Creatures of this type will never be chosen to a college faculty by a president who is a keen judge of men. These dangers that we have mentioned are, however, negligible. The plain fact is that under present circumstances a college career offers too few attractions to men of intellectual energy and ambition. If they are to be teachers, they should enjoy teaching; but that pleasure is destroyed by the consciousness that the task is perforce done poorly. And even if the teacher can offer the world no important by-products—a process which may do much to expand and broaden both him and his pupils—he must at least be allowed to keep himself flexible and alert by wide intellectual ranging. For how many college teachers in America is it even physically possible to keep the teaching up to the highest standard, to say nothing of undertaking such scholarly enterprises as Jebb's? For not one in twenty.

MODERN LANGUAGE ASSOCIATION.

COLUMBUS, Ohio, December 28.

At the twenty-fifth annual meeting of the Modern Language Association of America, which has just been held at the State University of Ohio, the attendance was large, Western men naturally predominating, but with a goodly representation from the East. From the opening session to the very end, every reader had a sufficient audience, in spite of the inevitable and agreeable congregation in the lobby. There were the customary social affairs, including a reception by President and Mrs. Thompson, and a humorous, though partly serious, "smoke talk" by Prof. Josiah Renwick Smith.

Among the papers on the philological side special mention should be made of "Some New Facts About a Manuscript of 'Godefroi de Bouillon'" by Prof. Hugh A. Smith of Wisconsin and "The Syntactical Development of the Spanish Second Imperfect Subjunctive" by Dr. Arthur R. Seymour of Illinois, investigations of too technical a nature for summarization here. But while there was the usual quantity of special studies on linguistic details, origins and analogues, sources, manuscripts, dates, and authorship, a majority of the papers, as has been the custom in recent years, were, in both topic and treatment, of general interest. A few only can be more particularly referred to. Prof. Thomas S. Baker of Jacob Tome Institute, discussing "Early Conceptions of America in European Literature," pointed out that in this respect America had its greatest intellectual value while still uncivilized. The New World was then regarded as a Utopia, where freedom, courage, dignity, and happiness were striking features of Indian life. Just at the time when the spirit of the revived classical antiquity was losing its freshness and force, came the scientific, poetic, and philosophical influence of the explorers, and of the literary men inspired by their works. Prof. Robert H. Fife, jr., of Wesleyan gave an interesting literary review of the German *Märchen*, leading up to the determination of that impalpable quality which, however diverse may be the species bearing the name, from the satiric to the naïve, is still distinctively present in all types. This quality he found to be the suspension of the logical faculty under the sway of childlike fantasy. A study by Prof. John M. Clapp of Lake Forest College, showed conclusively that, contrary to all received opinions, there was in England between 1660 and 1700 an astonishing production of short novels which were chiefly based, not upon the heroic romances hitherto considered the dominant form of fiction at that time, but upon the shorter and more realistic *nouvelles*. Another long standing misconception was overthrown by Prof. Edward P. Morton of Indiana who, in his paper on "Non-dramatic Blank Verse Between Milton and Young," demonstrated the fact that the prevalence of the heroic couplet had by no means precluded an extensive production of non-dramatic blank verse. The influence of Milton was in fact dominant in a considerable number of poems composed by his immediate successors, and Addison's praise of "Paradise Lost" actually voiced a general judgment. "Elizabeth Barrett's Influence on Browning's Poetry" was the subject of Prof. J. W. Cunliffe of Wisconsin. With sure critical instinct and remarkable literary charm, Mr. Cunliffe traced to the intimacy of spiritual communion in the poet's married life his growth in human sympathy, passionate fire, and lyrical beauty. It might even be said that Mrs. Browning's best work is to be found, not in her own poems, but in those of her husband.

The Presidential address, "The Genesis of Speech," by Prof. Fred N. Scott of Michigan, deserved and received unusual attention. Whatever view may be adopted concerning this obscure matter, such a sane, learned, and methodical discussion, always distinctly separating theory from fact and assigning to each its due weight, cannot fail to be of value. The starting point of the argument was the division of all bodily movements on grounds either of utility or of expression, the former often passing into the latter and thus giving rise to gestures, to muscular contractions, to disturbances

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of respiration, and in this way ultimately to significant vocal sounds. The exposition was clear and orderly in each step, the illustrations abundant and original, and the complicated evidence was unfolded, and finally reduced to simplicity and definiteness by the picture, confessedly imaginative, of a mother and child teaching each other the elements of the earliest human language.

At the business meetings two important matters were taken up. On motion of Professor Cunliffe, a committee was appointed for the promotion of the following aims: (1) The acquisition of photographic reproductions of earlier English texts by American university libraries; (2) the circulation of index cards of reproductions so acquired; (3) the cataloguing of original English texts prior to 1660 in public and private libraries in the United States and Canada; (4) a consideration of the feasibility of doing the same for texts in other modern languages. The members appointed to this committee were Professors Cunliffe, C. M. Gayley of the University of California, J. M. Manly of Chicago, H. A. Todd of Columbia, and G. L. Kittredge of Harvard. At the same session was adopted a resolution introduced by Prof. E. C. Roedder of Wisconsin, that it is desirable to adopt some plan of obviating, as far as possible, the duplication of work in doctoral theses intended for publication. Prof. William H. Carpenter of Columbia will bring the matter before the Association of American Universities, which meets at Ann Arbor on January 9. Prof. Charles H. Grandgent of Harvard was induced to accept again the secretaryship; the treasurer, William G. Howard of Harvard, was also reëlected. The officers chosen for the ensuing year are: President, Frederick M. Warren, Yale; vice-presidents, John A. Walz, Harvard; Benjamin L. Bowen, Ohio State, and J. Douglas Bruce, Tennessee. For the Central Division Prof. O. F. Emerson, Western Reserve, was elected chairman, and Prof. C. B. Wilson, Iowa, secretary.

The report of the secretary of the general association regarding membership was particularly gratifying. Since 1902, when he first assumed the office, there has been an increase of 50 per cent., a rate which should be continued and even surpassed in the future, for the larger the body becomes the more effective must be its influence. Of the present members, 491 are from the North Atlantic States, 82 from the South, and 305 from various regions of the West. The proportion of articles from different parts of the country appearing in the publications corresponds very closely to the proportions of the membership list.

At the meeting of the Dialect Society Professor Emerson was reëlected president, Professor Mead, secretary, and Professor Fife, treasurer. The treasurer's report showed the society to be in excellent condition, and it was determined to authorize the secretary to renew investigations by means of circulars. It is much to be hoped that this organization will get further support in the prosecution of its work upon dialect peculiarities, which are fading so fast that they must be registered at once or be forever lost. M.

NEWLY DISCOVERED MANUSCRIPTS OF THE BIBLE.

CHICAGO, December 30.

At the meeting of the Archæological Institute of America, Prof. H. A. Sanders of the University of Michigan reported on four manuscripts of the Bible, now in the possession of Charles L. Freer of Detroit. The manuscripts were bought by Mr. Freer early in 1907 in Egypt. They were probably buried or lost at the time of the Moslem conquest in 639 A. D. At any rate the manuscripts all antedate that period, nor, in the opinion of Professor Sanders, do they contain any marks of a second hand even, which can be placed later than this date. Two of the manuscripts are in large uncial hand, two in small, and there are other variations sufficient to convince Professor Sanders that the individual manuscripts were written at different dates, ranging from the third to the sixth century. He refers to the manuscripts by the Roman numerals I., II., III., and IV. Manuscript I. now contains Deuteronomy and Joshua; Genesis to Numbers inclusive, which it once contained, are missing. It is next to the oldest of the four manuscripts, and presents an exceptionally accurate text of this portion of the Septuagint. Manuscript II. contains the Psalms. Although it is the oldest manuscript of the four, and is badly decayed, large portions of every Psalm will prove recoverable. A comparison of a portion of the text shows that it is one of the best manuscripts of the Psalms in existence: in the large portions where the Vaticanus fails, it is perhaps the very best. Manuscript III. contains the four Gospels entire. It was probably written in the fifth or sixth century, and contains many interesting variant readings. It is most important, however, because it contains the following extra paragraph:

> And they answered, saying that this age of unrighteousness and unbelief is under the power of Satan, who does not permit the things which are made impure by the (evil) spirits to comprehend the truth of God (and) his power. For this reason, "Reveal thy righteousness now," they said to Christ, and Christ said to them: "The limit of the years of the power of Satan has been fulfilled, but other terrible things are at hand, and I was delivered unto death on behalf of those who sinned in order that they may return to the truth and sin no more, to the end that they may inherit the spiritual, indestructible glory of righteousness (which) is in heaven."

This new papagraph was known to St. Jerome, and the first few lines of it are cited in Latin translation. It has long been held that Mark xvi., 8-20, was a later addition to the Gospel, thought to have been borrowed from some other unknown Gospel near the end of the second century. This new manuscript probably presents the original form of that part of the lost Gospel, which, mutilated, was added to Mark. The reason for the omission is quite apparent, as the new verse contains the statement that the destruction of sin in the world is near at hand. This idea is found in the epistles of Peter and Paul, but the four Gospels do not have it, and it is avoided by the later church writers.

Manuscript IV. is only a badly decayed fragment. It once contained Acts and the Epistles, but not Revelations. It is an older and better manuscript than the four Gospels, and its readings will be of value to the text wherever they can be deciphered.

THE NOBEL PRIZE-WINNERS.

PARIS, December 14.

The two Frenchmen who have received Nobel prizes this year deserve something more than regulation notes from "Who's Who." And what the French say of the prize for literature awarded to Rudyard Kipling—the first Nobel prize of literature given to any one who writes in English—is also noteworthy. The prize of physics for Professor Michelson of Chicago is so obviously justified by what he has accomplished, that it excites no comment beyond the natural reflection that, as he is a naturalized citizen of the United States, Germany's loss is America's gain.

Dr. Charles Laveran, who receives the prize for medicine, is a product of the old Strasburg faculty, when Alsace was still French. After the war, like many of his fellow-students, he became a French army doctor, and soon was named professor in the Paris military hospital of Val de Grace—a position which he held for twenty years. Perhaps it was the underlying hostility of civilian to military that delayed his election to the Académie de Médecine until the eve of his retirement from teaching in 1893; but the lay Académie des Sciences conferred on him the Bréant prize as early as 1889, and finally elected him to its learned and exclusive body in 1901. He was retired from the army only in 1897, at the age of fifty-two, while still in his prime. He has since worked steadily at the Institut Pasteur, with whose methods he was from the start in full sympathy. His great benefaction to mankind has its origin in such methods; and this is perhaps another reason why the conservative faculty of medicine, notoriously distrustful of Pasteur, who was not even a doctor, so long hesitated to recognize Laveran's discoveries. It was as long ago as 1880 that he read to the Académie de Médecine the first account of what he had been doing in accordance with the new medicine. He had been for two years making researches in the blood of fever and ague patients at the military station of Bône, in Algiers. The low ground of a river delta and more than a thousand years' lack of sanitation had naturally developed malaria, or paludism, to the extreme. Even the Pasteur enthusiasts were at fault; looking for a microbe which always escaped them just as they were finding it. Laveran, who was not a chemist like Pasteur or a civilian professor of orthodox medicine, but just a plain army doctor who had been teaching applied medicine to others like himself for military use, had no theory and used his eyes. In the blood of every one of the victims of malaria he could see black granules, little amœboid spherules, and particularly minute filiform flagella. All this he found whenever he got the blood just as the ague fit declared itself, and before quinine had been administered. He kept on watching these things, which he could see, until he finally made out that they were certainly not vegetable bacteria such as are investigated in culture bouillons. He decided they were animal protozoa, and parasites at that. And so he

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made the world acquainted with the hidden foe which had so long been troubling myriad human lives—the "hæmatozoa." In 1882 he completed his investigations in Italy, where he came on mosquitoes transporting the malaria which for a thousand years again had depopulated the home of earth's greatest conquering race. Elder physicians and professors still shook their wise old heads. Why, this young army doctor was not even known to them; at most they had seen his name on the title page of a book as having helped one of their number in writing a treatise of pathology. As usual, facts were too strong for theory. Nowadays no physician or scientific man of any authority will deny that Dr. Laveran's discovery justifies the conferring on him of the Nobel prize. In his later years he has found out another microbe, which probably produces that terror of youth—mumps. But his chief present work, long since begun, concerns the "tripanozomes," and the terrible African malady of sleep. The Institut Pasteur continues to furnish him with laboratory and all necessary assistance. The rude soldierly speech in which he indulges on occasion hinders neither students nor rivals from feeling a patriotic pride in this worthy recipient of the Nobel prize.

Two "pacifists" receive the Nobel peace prize. The Frenchman, Louis Renault, a professor of international law, has had a most humdrum life of patient work, recognized by the world's rulers, but hardly heard of by the people whom it has profited. He is now sixty-four years of age; and it is he who has all along been the working member of the delegation of France at the peace conferences of the Hague, and at other congresses where he has engineered the legal battles of the French Ministry of Foreign Affairs. At the Peace Conference of the present year, he was the author of the agreement for an international prize court—about as interesting a result as the long-sitting conference produced. Among his many books, he has written a notable "Introduction to the Study of International Law."

The Italian, who divides the peace prize with him, has, on the contrary, had the most adventurous and picturesque life imaginable. He is ten years older, and began fighting at fifteen, in 1848, against the Austrian rulers of his native city of Milan. It was a fight that failed; but he succeeded in emigrating quickly beyond the frontier and kept on aiming at his ideal by entering the Piedmont military school. He became an Alpine *chasseur* as a soldier, and then, after a dozen years, Garibaldi called for men for his wild Expedition of the Thousand. Moneta was among the first to enlist, and landed on the Sicilian coast with the Liberator, who made him a major. Following his leader, he climbed up and tumbled down the mountain, which the King's soldiers thought impassable, and so left unguarded—and they conquered Palermo. Now for the first time he was given a peace work to do—to pacify the island which he had upset by war and revolution. But he still kept his place in the army and served seven years longer. Then he went in for a new fight, and became editor of that Milan paper which has existed only to combat—the *Secolo*. Here he remained for nearly twenty years. Since then the wisdom of age has taught him that, as for men so for nations, there is a time to fight—when independence is to be won—and a time to speak of peace—when, being independent, they stand up and talk on a footing of equality with others, splitting differences, swapping, and otherwise arranging disputes like good neighbors. This resulted, in 1890, in the foundation of the Lombard Union for Peace, and of a Pacifist organ, with contributors among all the leading peace agitators of Europe—*La Vita Internazionale*. Finally, he put all his eloquence and sympathies into a book—"War, Insurrections, and Peace in the Nineteenth Century"—and this has won for him the prize of peace founded by Nobel, who made his fortune in dynamite.

English readers may be surprised to know that most of Rudyard Kipling's books have been translated into French. But no one certainly would ever guess which of them has pleased most French readers and sold the best. It is "The Light That Failed." The "Jungle Books," which were the first to be translated, were too complicated for the French. Melchior de Vogüé, who loves the exotic and introduced Tolstoi to the Western world, says "Kim delighted me"; but every one else tells him it is mortally dull!

S. D.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The second volume of Konrad Haebler's "Typenrepertorium der Wiegendrucke" (Leipzig and New York: Rudolf Haupt) contains the catalogue of the printers of Italy, the Netherlands, France, Spain, Portugal, and England, completing the surveys of the printing presses of the fifteenth century. The longest list is that under Venice, with no less than 151 names. Paris comes next with 51, while in Germany not one single city could show even half a hundred presses. Germany, on the other hand, had more printers than all other countries, except Italy, taken together, and German names are found under nearly all important cities outside of it. The third volume of the Repertory, which will follow before long, will contain the classification tables for the whole work, repeating those for Germany in the first volume, thus bringing together under one arrangement the descriptions of all the types used by fifteenth century printers.

Among the autographs to be sold by the Anderson Auction Company, on January 10, is a letter of Benedict Arnold, dated "Head Quarters Robinson's House, Sept. 8, 1780." The maker of the auction catalogue imagines that this letter relates to negotiations with Major André, but that notion is exploded by Worthington C. Ford, in a letter printed on page 10 of this issue. The collection includes also letters of some of the rarest signers of the Declaration. The Hancock letter, July 13, 1776, was addressed to Washington. The Abraham Clark document also bears the 1776 date. Among others are fine A. L. S. of Joseph Hewes and William Hooper, both addressed to the Governor of North Carolina; A. L. S. of Thomas Nelson, jr., resigning his office of Governor of Virginia; A.L.S. of Franklin to his wife; letters or documents of James Smith, Matthew Thornton, Samuel Adams, Josiah Bartlett, Thomas Heyward, Francis Lightfoot Lee, and John Penn, as well as a cut signature of Thomas Lynch, jr., the rarest of the series. The Washington material includes an early autograph survey, dated April 4, 1750; an A. L. S. dated 1794; and two L. S., one written from Morristown, February 15, 1780, to Col. Moylan, the other from New Windsor, May 5, 1781, to Gen. James Clinton. The collection is mainly that of Henry Goldsmith, New York.

Correspondence.

VENTURI'S THEORY OF GIOTTO.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: For the intelligent amateur perhaps no more useful modern compendium or guide to the history of that obscure period of Italian art which lies between the seventh and the thirteenth centuries could be found than Professor Venturi's history in its second and third volumes. Both student and teacher must also be grateful for the scope, the ordering, and the judicious perspective of this work in a field where the results of special research are seldom accessible to the general public. It would be worth our while to examine at some length Venturi's general theory and his critical principles as exhibited in his history, but this is not my present purpose. I may say, however, that what may appear as a limitation, or even an error, in the main scheme, the comparative neglect of the extra-Hellenic or extra-Latin elements, the more kinetic factors, let us say, in the equation of mediæval art, in favor of its traditional substratum, its classical survivals and revivals, makes for lucidity and consistency, and was to be expected from an Italian historian of Italian art.

In view of the high value of Venturi's work, a word of criticism as to his treatment of a great problem in Italian painting at the dawn of the Renaissance may interest your readers. Many serious students must have found it strange that Venturi, once embarked upon the perilous ocean of Giotto connoisseurship, should have evolved a theory which is radically at variance with traditional opinion, and which may be fairly characterized by the orthodox as heretical, or even extravagant. In fact, Professor Venturi reveals a certain incapacity for grasping the *rationale* of an expert handling of internal evidence. His arguments are amazingly specious for a scholar of his attainments, and unless sternly disciplined and corrected will, in the later stages of his history, mar an able and fervent book.

Let me take first a specimen of connoisseurship which is easily confuted. Speaking of the allegorical figures of Virtues and Vices at Padua, Venturi cheerfully ascribes to an assistant of Giotto the execution in part of some of these figures—as, for example, the Injustice. This judgment reveals a want of ordinary sense for pictorial unity, which is not only distressing, but contradictory of Venturi's general conception of Giotto's essential characteristics. For even if we—wrongly—look upon the revolutionary, the modern, the realistic, the individual side of Giotto's art as its chief feature, nothing could be more characteristic of the Florentine master than the remarkable presage of modern landscape realism, than the limning—by means of the

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simplest truth to shadow forms—of full sunlight, air, and distance in a composition of almost plastic severity and reticence. The tyro in criticism must see that no one else before Masaccio could possibly have seen his field with this vivid sense of tonality, and that therefore the ascription of part of the work to an assistant of the master is, to speak plainly, stylistic nonsense rather than just *expertise*. Such a judgment will illustrate Venturi's lack of a sort of connoisseurship which any competent modern painter could, or can, teach him in a half-hour round of gallery demonstration. The beauty and power here—the imaginative forecasting of complex landscape effects—is not dependent upon any technical refinement; it can be seen in an ordinary photographic reproduction.

A more serious error may be instanced—more serious because not dependent upon ignorance of painting *per se*, but as against every canon of historical probability. Venturi in his discussion of the so-called Stefaneschi altarpiece, now in the sacristy of the canons at St. Peter's in Rome, asks us to believe that Giotto, executing part of the work, left the chief panel—the Christ enthroned—to be executed largely by a scholar. Great masters do not divide their labor in this fashion—historically.

The denial to Giotto of the chief initiative exhibited in the Vows of St. Francis and other traditionally accepted works in the north transept of the Lower Church at Assisi, is one of the most startling of Venturi's conclusions. It is very important if true. The argument is detailed and specific, but for those who find Venturi's vital error lying deeper than his analysis of Morellian norms—lying, in fact, in a fundamental misconception of the essential genius of Giotto—it will not carry. I cannot, however, discuss it now, except to say that on the internal evidence alone the authorship of Giotto for the famous works in question—*and their assignable date as probably* earlier than the series at Padua—depends a good deal, in my opinion, upon our theory of the authenticity and the date of the Stefaneschi altarpiece.

It is with the treatment of the Cycle of the Upper Church at Assisi—the monumental Life of St. Francis—that our quarrel with Venturi's theory becomes acute. One may confess ignorance or even despair before the vast problem of this great series, in relation to earlier Italian art and to the traditional theory of Giotto's direction of or participation in the work—without losing one's right as an inquirer to protest against Venturi's ingenious but certainly fantastic argument in the case. Too much space would be needed to expose the misleading but enthusiastic and sincere plea which Venturi urges for the confident identification of Giotto with (in the prevalent view) an able, a vivid, a dramatic scholar; and to restate the more orthodox position on this matter would be gratuitous. I may be allowed, however, to make one or two observations which I hope will lead the student to the heart of the matter.

In the first place Venturi's argument that all the compositions which are most commonly given to Giotto in the St. Francis Cycle are in some way conventional or derivative, while the real Giottos are fresh and novel, proves entirely too much for the critic's own case. I need hardly hint at the obvious reply. The classic reticence, the conformity, the measure and poise and stylistic conservatism of Giotto are as characteristic as his powerful initiative in composition, his fresh, free attack of every problem in thought or form. The real *crux* of the argument is the character of the compositions which Venturi calls derivative or conventional. Orthodoxy will deny Venturi's absolute and comparative judgment of them and find more originality in their organic modification of pre-existent motives than in the brilliant improvisations of the presumable assistant.

But the issue here is not one of taste alone. An analysis of the earlier compositions of the great Cycle, which will bring out the elements of searching, if tentative, effort in the boldest form-building, a variety and flexibility of design within a self-imposed scheme of the noblest severity and the most lucid unity, is, perhaps, yet to be made. The argument from the research, the growth and modification of compositional, formal, ideological motives within that portion of the famous series which, omitting perhaps the first composition of the series, extends along the north wall of the nave of the Upper Church, is the best refutation of Venturi's doctrine. If most of this work be not what most critics have claimed, the real early Giotto, then it is some other pictorial Hercules. The first composition and the first composition on the south wall—The Death of the Knight of Celano—both of which Venturi considers to be especially characteristic of Giotto, excite the doubts of the present writer. Aubert's view of the problem I have not yet seen. Is there an unknown pre-Giottesque genius—not Cimabue? I shall doubt it.

Let me leave these difficult questions with one specific plea for Giotto's authorship of the Sermon to the Birds. The Entombment at Padua is adorned in its background by one of the most if not the most dramatic yet strictly pictorial treatments of a landscape motive which I know in any occidental art. The immortality of Jesus is symbolized in the fig-tree—just at the point of its budding into spring. No tree in art, not Shakespeare's arboreal image of old age in the sonnet, is nobler than this exuberant fig. That it is Giotto's and not an assistant's is one of the things which we cannot prove—nor care to argue about. Is not the oak of the Sermon to the Birds almost a fellow to it, and what Italian artist, *pace* Leonardo, ever so penetrated into the secrets of arboreal life as did the painter of these and other "conventional" landscape presentations?

WILLIAM RANKIN.

Roselle Park, N. J., December 22.

DECEPTIVE AUCTION CATALOGUES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is astonishing to see what pieces reputable dealers in autographs and manuscripts carry in stock and offer to their customers at prices which are little less than extortionate, pieces of doubtful authenticity or of easily recognized fabrication. But this ignorance is only one side of the question. Another phase, even more reprehensible and inexcusable, is the ignorance of those who prepare auction sales catalogues of such material. The language used in describing individual items has been so stretched and misapplied as to have become unintelligible. Every document is labelled scarce, of great rarity, or unique (as though almost any written paper was not unique!); it is a splendid specimen, in extraordinary condition, of the highest importance, and not to be excelled in any known collection! Superlatives are applied generally, and veriest trash is catalogued as of supreme value. When adjectives fail, a commonplace document is held up to the buyer as "in a particularly choice state, and a fine specimen for framing." History is distorted to bolster a mediocre letter, and every trick is used to confer upon the lot a semblance of importance and value. For this inflation, it is to be feared that the dealers who send a part of their stock to the auction room are in a great measure responsible. Naturally the expert collectors, of whom there are very few, are not usually taken in, though there have been shocking examples of misplaced confidence. Dealers have purchased doubtful manuscripts only to resell them at a higher value, with an assurance of authenticity, an assurance which is not based upon knowledge or research, and is therefore worthless. Both dealers and collectors, by countenancing these methods of cataloguing, are doing much to discredit collecting. The prices paid by rich fledgling collectors are ridiculous in themselves, and offer a temptation to dishonesty and the looting of existing collections.

But a case in point is worth columns of generalities. In a sale to be held January 10 by the Anderson Auction Company, New York, is offered a letter of Benedict Arnold to Nathaniel Stevens, dated September 8, 1780. He states in direct language that he has purchased a cow and a calf from one Bullis, who is temporarily gone to the lines with a flag, and will deliver the animals on the following Monday or Tuesday. Arnold sends the money to Stevens, who is to receive the animals. The letter is reproduced in fac-simile, is an undoubted Arnold letter, but no better than two hundred or more other known letters from the same hand.

Note how the sapient cataloguer treats it. In full capitals he describes it as "a Benedict Arnold letter, relating to André," and continues:

> One of the mysterious epistles connected with the deal to betray the American cause. At the date of the above letter, the plot had been brought to a head and Arnold was trying to arrange a meeting with André. A few days previously, an accident prevented this, and, reading between the lines and comparing the character of the letter with those known to have been sent to Major André, there is no doubt that the epistle now offered was one written in order to bring the business to a conclusion.

It is quite certain that at this critical and anxious period Benedict Arnold was not buying cattle. The letter is printed in full below, and we have italicized those passages which seem significant. We can, by the way, obtain no clue as to the identity of "Nath'l Stevens, Esq."

We have not the slightest doubt this letter was for Major André himself, contained a promise to deliver West Point "on Monday or Tuesday next," and acknowledging receipt of part of the price of Arnold's treason.

The process is simplicity itself. Begin with the date, for *cow* read *André*, and for *calf* read *West Point*, and the thing is done. Now Stevens was nothing more or less than

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the acting deputy commissary-general of issues at Fishkill at this very time. Bullis had been sent by Arnold to the British lines as escort to Susanna Dean, wife of Nicholas Dean, with her two children, bedding, and wearing apparel—rather a cumbrous outfit for conducting a treasonable correspondence. Mrs. Arnold was to arrive in a few days, and milk and meat were scarce. Another letter from the general to Stevens of a later date gives the result. Stevens obtained a good cow elsewhere, and Arnold felt bound to take that offered by Bullis, giving a detailed description of her, lest another animal should be substituted. In short, there is not one word in either letter that could rightly be twisted into a reference to Arnold's treason, and it is a crying shame to find such stuff seriously written, with the sole object of getting some one to pay a high price. Such cataloguing is an insult to intelligence, a nightmare of history, and a trap for the unwary. *Caveat emptor!*

WORTHINGTON C. FORD.

Washington, December 23.

Notes.

The Macmillan Company announces as forthcoming, "Departmental Teaching in Public Schools," by Van Evrie Kilpatrick, a public school teacher of New York city; and a study of Eastern religion, "The Inward Light," by Fielding Hall, author of "The Soul of a People."

The first two of the twenty-three volumes of the collective edition of Henry James's "Novels and Tales" has been issued by Charles Scribner's Sons. To each volume the author contributes a preface telling the circumstances under which he composed the story, the purpose he had in view, the difficulties under which he labored, and the final result as he now views it after the lapse of many years. These prefaces will form a *biographia literaria* of uncommon interest and significance. They are written, we regret to say, in Mr. James's most exasperating style. The sentences are clogged with qualifying clauses, as if Mr. James's readers had not sufficient intelligence and imagination to perceive qualifications in the very frame of the phrase and connotation of the words, but insisted that it all be put down to the last syllable. The first volume contains "Roderick Hudson," begun in Florence in 1874 as a serial for the *Atlantic Monthly*. The work was continued during a summer partly spent in the Black Forest, an autumn near Boston, and a winter in New York. On rereading "Roderick Hudson," Mr. James confesses, "it stared me in the face that the time-scheme of the story is quite inadequate, and positively to that degree that the fault but just fails to wreck it." "The American," in the second volume, was begun in Paris in the winter of 1875-76. The notion had come to Mr. James while he was riding in a street car:

> I found myself, of a sudden, considering with enthusiasm, as the theme of a "story," the situation, in another country, and an aristocratic society, of some robust but insidiously beguiled and betrayed, some cruelly wronged, compatriot: the point being in especial that he should suffer at the hands of persons pretending to represent the highest possible civilization and to be of an order in every way superior to his own. What would he "do" in that predicament, how would he right himself, or how, failing a remedy, would he conduct himself under his wrong? This would be the question involved, and I remember well how, having entered the horse car without a dream of it, I was presently to leave that vehicle in full possession of my answer.

The publication of both "Roderick Hudson" and "The American" began before the completion of the work; and Mr. James recalls "the frequent hauntings and alarms; , . . the habit of wondering what would happen if anything *should* 'happen,' if one should break one's arm by an accident or make a long illness or suffer, in body, mind, fortune, any other visitation involving a loss of time." And this habit of apprehension bred in due course a confidence that a special Providence "watches over anxious novelists condemned to the economy of serialization."

"The Romance of an Old Time Shipmaster," edited by Ralph D. Paine (The Outing Publishing Co.), contains the letters and journals of an old-fashioned American shipmaster, which for nearly a hundred years were locked in his battered sea-chest. This mariner was Capt. John Willard Russell of Bristol, R. I., and the picture he gives of life on American ships between 1796 and 1813 is entertaining and valuable. He was several times captured by French privateers, and was chased all one day by a pirate. Tempted by the large pecuniary rewards, he once made a trip to Africa for slaves, but there dire punishment awaited him. He and his crew were stricken with African fever, his ship was captured, and he was imprisoned for seventy days at Goree. No sooner had he sailed thence on a schooner bound for Charleston, laden with slaves, than the ship was boarded by two French privateers, who stripped her of everything movable, except food. These and other occurrences, together with various voyages to the West Indies, are duly set forth, mostly in letters to his wife, phrased in the quaint language of the eighteenth century. They show Capt. Russell as a man of unusual education and capacity for a shipmaster of that period.

"Innocent the Great: An Essay on his Life and Times," by C. H. C. Pirie-Gordon (Longmans, Green & Co.), is the kind of book for which there is no excuse except that it is a firstling of the author's pen. Even this fact cannot justify the learned university men who have allowed him to use their names in commending it to the reader. The subject is one of the most grateful that could be chosen by a student of mediæval history. No adequate treatment of the great personality and achievements of Innocent III. exists in English, and the preparatory labors of many careful students have made the present an appropriate time for such an undertaking. Mr. Pirie-Gordon (though, according to the London *Times*, he is not Catholic) writes as if he were a Romanist acutely conscious of the fact, but desirous also not to appear unduly laudatory of Roman institutions. He has obviously read much and learned something of the technical processes of mediæval study; yet he fails through lack of power to present the results of his work in an adequate and convincing way. His book bears the needful imprimatur; he parades the "courtesy of The Eminence of Cardinal Raphael Merry del Val (Cardinal-Presbyter of the Title of Santa Prassede, and Secretary of State to The Holiness of Pope Pius the Tenth)" and others of almost equally magnificent titles, for procuring him the chance to examine two manuscripts in the Vatican library. He makes a display of learning by comparing a few lines of one of these manuscripts with the text of the same in Migne's "Patrologia." He begins every pronoun referring to a pope—he calls them the "pontifical pronouns"—with a capital, a "usage now happily reviving." His style is a singular mixture of tiresome archaisms, strange affectations of phrase, and slangy modern vulgarisms. In his fatal desire to be picturesque he becomes futile. A hopeless style might be excused if the things it was intended to convey were worth the telling; but at no point of his narrative does Mr. Pirie-Gordon rise to the height of even a modest demand for historical soundness. He gives no rational account of his material; he nowhere states his problem intelligently, nor does he succeed in leaving on the mind of the reader any clear impression of the great issues that were being fought out on such a vast scale in Innocent's time. Even the central figure of Innocent himself receives nowhere an even moderately adequate treatment. It would be only too easy to select specimens of the defects which deface every page; but the book is really not worth while.

Not the least deplorable result of modern wars is the herd of books that follow close. So great is their number, and so various their merits, that it is possible to notice only a few. Among those published on the Russo-Japanese war, Filippo Camperio's "Al Campo Russo in Manciuria, note di un marinaio" (Milano: Pubblicazione della "Tecno-Grafica"), is specially worthy of mention. This is no didactic military *biblion a-biblion*, but a living breathing account of what the author himself saw from the Russian side, and in order to see he always got as close to the enemy as the Japanese fire would allow. Greatly aided in his labors by his extraordinary aptitude for languages (not mentioned by the author himself), Camperio rapidly became a favorite not only with the Russians, but also with the Chinese, with whom indeed he could bandy jokes in their own speech. He was, therefore, never in the way, consequently had unusual opportunities to see, hear, and learn; and, as a result, has given us a remarkable book. For example, he always had time to see how the Chinese lived. We thus get an unusually clear perception of the Manchurian atmosphere, a valuable by-product. The work is illustrated by over 200 photographs taken by the author, and by twenty-six maps in a folder. We gather from the narrative that Russian valor equalled Japanese, and under better leadership would have had a better fate.

Henry Jephson, author of "The Sanitary Evolution of London" (New York: A. Wessels Co.), was known, before he threw himself so energetically into local government work in London, as an historical student of assured position. Whatever his intention in this present volume, there never was pub-

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lished a book which so completely demolishes the tradition of the benignity and far-seeing wisdom of the governing classes. It is not part of a propaganda for any constitutional reform. Party politics in their national aspects are scarcely mentioned. There is not even a reference to the governing classes. What Mr. Jephson is concerned with is the neglect of local government in London by Parliament between 1835 and 1888, when the London County Council was created, and the toll in suffering and in life which this long neglect exacted. Not all the wars in which England was engaged between the American Revolution and the Boer War were so destructive of life. Year after year Parliament was in session at St. Stephen's, which abuts on the Thames, while hundreds of thousands of the inhabitants of London had no other water to drink than that which was taken from what was then a sewage polluted stream. Within a mile from where Parliament met there were widespread sanitary conditions which would have disgraced a city in Turkey. Neither Government nor Parliament, until half-way through the nineteenth century, pretended to any serious care for London, unless an epidemic of cholera or smallpox was raging or threatening. Moreover powerful vested interests in disease and dirt long stood in the way of sanitary reform. Thus it was not until 1888 that London had a popularly-elected council responsible for its larger affairs; and the new century had opened before London had municipal institutions as efficient as those of such cities as Manchester, Birmingham, Liverpool, and Leeds. Mr. Jephson recounts the history of the sanitary evolution with the calmness of a scholar. There is a period in the history of the English poor law known as the pig-stye era. Mr. Jephson's book might not inappropriately be entitled the history of the pig-stye era of London municipal government.

A recent number of the Publications of the Modern Language Association of America contains an interesting paper, by William Guild Howard of Harvard, on "Burke among the Forerunners of Lessing." Although Lessing does not mention Burke in his "Laokoön," he, as well as Mendelssohn and Herder, paid a good deal of attention to Burke's æsthetic speculations, and even Kant and Schiller did not escape their influence. Lessing, while writing to Mendelssohn about Burke's "easy philosophy," recommended his treatise as an "exceedingly useful collection of material for a good system, which no one could put to better use than you yourself." Burke and Lessing, as Mr. Howard points out, were at one as regards the notion that poetry is not a so-called "word-painting," but they differed concerning the symbols of poetic expression. There are many interesting quotations given, from both Burke and Lessing, to show their points of difference, as well as of agreement. Perhaps a direct evidence of the influence of Burke on Lessing might have been found in the connection between Lessing's famous dictum: "Raphael would have been the great painter he was even if he had been born without arms," and Burke's description of a poet, "blind from birth, who nevertheless could describe visible objects with a spirit and justness excelled by few men blessed with sight."

The triple number 4-6 of the Bulletin de l'Institut International de Bibliographie for 1906 (Brussels) has recently made its appearance, consisting of a list of bibliographies published in 1904, with not a few (160 out of a total of 729) from earlier years, as far back as 1897. The corresponding parts of Professor Hortzschansky's Bibliographie des Bibliotheks- und Buchwesens for 1904, issued in 1905, and covering the end of 1903 as well as the greatest part of 1904, contained 426 titles. In comparing these figures, however, it should be borne in mind that the Belgian list repeats titles of publications dealing with more than one subject. Absolute completeness, in bibliographical works, is, of course, difficult, if not impossible to obtain, but why a list published in 1907 does not contain all the titles in a list covering the same ground and issued two years earlier, is difficult to explain on any other ground than carelessness. The most glaring omission is that of the various national, German, Polish, etc., issues of the International Catalogue of Scientific Literature.

The Clarendon Press, Oxford (New York: Henry Frowde) has issued in a revised form Volume II. of Henry Furneaux's invaluable edition of the "Annals" of Tacitus. The historical notes and introduction were revised by the late Prof. H. F. Pelham, while C. D. Fisher conformed the text to that which he established for his recent edition of the "Annals" in the Oxford Classical Series. As a result of this twofold revision, Furneaux's work has been corrected and supplemented in important details, and has somewhat decreased in bulk.

Besides Mr. Fisher's edition of the "Annals," the Oxford Classical Series has recently included the minor poems ascribed to Virgil ("Appendix Vergiliana"), edited by Prof. Robinson Ellis of Oxford. This edition is an exception to the general plan of the series, which undertakes to present in a critical apparatus only the most important variant readings or emendations. We are not sorry, however, in view of the corruptions to which the text of the "Appendix Vergiliana" has been exposed, that Professor Ellis has constructed an elaborate critical commentary, with which every subsequent editor must reckon.

From the University Press of Cambridge (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons) as No. XIV. of the Cambridge Historical Essays, comes a scholarly and well-written "Life of Alexander Serverus," by R. V. Nind Hopkins. The emperor's names, which are only two of many, should read Severus Alexander, but the author adheres sensibly to the traditional order. He is well read in the literature of his subject, and has made commendable use of the Latin inscriptions of the period, which, owing to the paucity of literary information on the career of the emperor, deserve special attention from the historian.

Prof. C. H. Grandgent's "Introduction to Vulgar Latin" (Boston: Heath & Co.) will be welcomed as an indispensable help by students in more than one department of learning. The main headings under which the subject is treated are Vocabulary, Syntax (wisely considered, in this case, out of the order usual in grammars), Phonology, Morphology. The author has brought together a large amount of information from widely separated sources, has correlated it skilfully, and provided references at every turn, thus facilitating further investigation of any usage or form. Such a method is most desirable in view of the material still unexamined. The book has a general bibliography and a serviceable index.

Whatever may be one's individual opinion about the essential value of Nietzsche's philosophy, one could not but deplore the interruption to the publication of his works in English, and cannot but rejoice that the series of volumes is now recontinued. The new issue put out by the Macmillan Company (apparently with Dr. Oscar Levy as its "angel") is "Beyond Good and Evil, Prelude to a Philosophy of the Future," translated by Helen Zimmern. This is Volume IX. of Nietzsche's works, although the fifth to be published, following the "Zarathustra" and to a certain extent elucidating the difficulties of that rhapsody. Miss Zimmern was personally acquainted with Nietzsche, and he looked to her to translate his books; she has in the present volume turned his German into fluent and easy English.

Prof. William James's "Varieties of Religious Experience" has been translated into German by Dr. Georg Wobbermin, formerly privat-docent at Berlin and now professor of theology at Breslau. The German title is "Die Religiöse Erfahrung in ihrer Mannigfaltigkeit" (Leipzig: J. C. Hinrichs).

The future of the Papacy is in some respects the burning question of the day in Catholic lands. Professor Baldassarre Labanca of the Roman University has published under the title "Die Zukunft des Papsttums" (Tübingen: J. B. C. Mohr), a strictly objective work, which puts the matter clearly. The writer first surveys the history of the Papacy and shows, among other things, that the designation "Pope" in early times was not the exclusive privilege of Roman bishops, but meant merely spiritual father. When the Church received from Pepin and Charlemagne the lien that came to be known as the Patrimony of St. Peter, the Pope, according to Labanca, only administered these lands as the vassal of the Emperors. Constantine's famous Donation, to which even Dante refers, is now proved to have been a clerical invention. As Labanca says, Constantine must have been mad if he had thus of his own free will created a state within his own state; it was the disturbed condition of society that permitted the Church to become an Anti-State. What is now demanded by modern society, in the view of Professor Labanca, is that the Church should once more become a juridic institution and should not seek to exert political functions. This is what is meant by the modern demands for the separation of Church and state; and Labanca is convinced that the longer the political pretensions of the Papacy last, the shorter will be its religious power. Indeed Labanca is not at all sure that this is not already doomed, because the people of to-day will not be long willing to take orders from any person, no matter who or what his claims, whose call upon them does not correspond to their national characteristics and traditions. He thinks every nation will

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make for itself a form of Christianity that best suits its needs.

In the investigation of the intricate Synoptic problem, which seeks to analyze the first three gospels into their original sources, and to adjust these properly as the basis of the story of Jesus and his work, a number of new books indicate a change of base from Mark, to a greater emphasis on Luke. Two or three years ago, Wellhausen, in his *Einleitung* to the first three gospels, gave to Luke an importance altogether unusual. Still more recently came Harnack's volume, "Lukas der Arzt"; and this has lately been followed by another work, largely on Luke, by the same author, "Sprüche und Reden Jesu, die zweide Quelle des Matthäus und Lukas." In this book he assigns to Luke in many particulars a prominence in the gospel story above that given to Matthew. And now Prof. B. Weiss, the tireless octogenarian of the University of Berlin, has just published an investigation along this same line, "Die Quellen des Lukasevangeliums" (Stuttgart und Berlin: J. G. Cotta). In detail he discusses the relation of Luke to Mark, of Luke to the Matthew source, the source of Luke, and the composition of the gospel of Luke. The general tendency is to emphasize Luke as a reliable source for the story of Jesus and His gospel.

Adolf Risch has just issued a book entitled "Die deutsche Bibel in ihrer geschichtlichen Entwicklung," constituting two *Hefte* in the series known as Biblische Zeit und Streitfragen, edited by Prof. F. Kropatscheck, and published by Runge of Berlin. This work traces the influence which Luther exercised on modern thought in the single capacity of a Bible translator, and in this particular makes out a good case for the reformer.

The ninth volume of the Semitic Study Series, entitled by Profs. R. J. H. Gottheil of Columbia and Morris Jastrow, jr., of the University of Pennsylvania (Leyden: Late E. J. Brill), is "Selected Babylonian Business and Legal Documents of the Hammurabi Period," by Arthur Ungnad, of the Royal Museum at Berlin. This issue is intended as a handbook to introduce the student to the study of these documents, dating from the close of the third and the beginning of the second pre-Christian millennium. The editors announce that three other parts of this Babylonian handbook series will soon appear; one covering the documents of the period of Sargon and Ur-Gur, *i. e.*, the first part of the third millennium; one the neo-Babylonian; and one the Persian period, the two latter including between them a considerable part of the first millennium. These parts are to be by Messrs. Lau, Ungnad, and A. T. Clay, respectively. This leaves untouched the Cassite period, the middle of the second millennium, for which no definite arrangements are yet made. The present volume contains only about sixty pages, giving the cuneiform text of forty-three documents, a list of the 202 signs used in those documents, glossaries of Semitic and Sumerian words, and a list of proper names arranged alphabetically. The introduction includes a brief account of the discovery of the documents and of the literature dealing with them.

One of the most considerable of the Moslem travellers to whom we owe so much information concerning the social and political condition of Western Asia and Northern Africa is the Spanish pilgrim and poet, Ibn Jubair (1145-1217). His *Rihla* ("Travels") was edited by William Wright in 1852 from a single manuscript in the university library of Leyden. The trustees of the Gibb Memorial have now issued a second edition revised by De Goeje (Leyden: E. J. Brill; London: Luzac & Co.). Wright's reading of the manuscript, says De Goeje, was most careful and accurate, so that there was little to change in it; Fleischer declared that Wright had done the work better than many a professor of long standing could have done it. When the edition was first prepared only one manuscript of the Travels was known; since that time it has been reported that another manuscript exists in the library of the principal mosque at Fez, but, so far as appears, this has never been examined by any Western scholar. In the correction of the text Wright made use of whatever quotations he could find in the works of other authors, as Ibn Batutah, Ibn al-Khatib, al-Maqrizi, al-Maqqari, and especially al-Sharishi, the pupil of Ibn Jubair. He has added an index of proper names, and a short glossary containing the explanation of a few architectural and nautical terms, for which he refers also to Dozy and to Jal's "Glossaire Nautique."

M. C. Jacottet of the Paris Evangelical Mission, with the financial support of the London publication house of Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., has undertaken the systematic investigation of the languages of South Africa. A beginning is to be made with the Basuto, and the researches are to be historical, linguistic, and literary.

The interesting and important discoveries of Aramaic Papyri at Elephantine, an island in the upper Nile, discoveries discussed at some length in the *Nation* of November 14, 1907, p. 440, are published in facsmile and translation, with explanation and commentary by Prof. Eduard Sachau (Berlin: G. Reimer).

Prof. Dietrich Schaefer, of the University of Berlin, has just published, through E. S. Mittler, Berlin, a "Weltgeschichte der Neuzeit," in two volumes, covering the development of modern culture in its important aspects from the Reformation to the present day.

Library progress in New Jersey during the year ending October last is thus summarized in a recent report by the State Library organizer: The travelling library system was enlarged by the addition of 3,000 new volumes, and 603 travelling libraries were circulated; 18 new libraries were established; 47 were aided by the Commission in improving their methods of work; 107 were aided along other lines. There are still 27 towns in the State without libraries.

The following items are taken from the annual report of the New York State Education Department on Public Libraries, to be submitted to the Legislature this month. The report is based on statistics received from 1,282 libraries, of which 661 are free lending libraries. These report a total of 3,782,600 volumes in stock, and a circulation for the past year of 14,968,722 volumes, an increase over the preceding year of 136,947 volumes in stock, and of 1,135,083 volumes circulated. The average free circulation of books for each 1,000 of the population of the State is 1,855 volumes. Beginning in 1893, with an average of 352 volumes to each 1,000 persons, this item has steadily advanced year by year without one backward step, as shown by the following table:

FREE LENDING LIBRARIES, 1893-1907.

	Libraries		Circulation.	
Year.	No.	Volumes.	Total.	Per 1,000 pop'l'n.
1893....	238	849,995	2,293,861	352
1894....	293	1,049,869	2,766,973	425
1895....	309	1,127,199	3,146,405	483
1896....	351	1,313,299	3,933,623	604
1897....	375	1,446,874	4,904,793	753
1898....	408	1,755,036	6,439,999	989
1899....	431	1,979,319	7,395,527	1,135
1900....	460	2,187,125	8,452,445	1,163
1901....	529	2,425,260	9,232,697	1,270
1902....	550	2,598,472	10,063,703	1,383
1903....	555	2,804,628	10,897,126	1,500
1904....	573	3,108,365	11,347,802	1,561
1905....	655	3,437,876	12,086,816	1,663
1906....	678	3,645,662	13,835,639	1,715
1907....	661	3,782,609	14,968,722	1,855

"The steady advance thus recorded," says the report, "in which the issue of books from free libraries has increased from 2,293,861 to nearly 15,000,000 volumes, is a striking demonstration of the growing significance of the public library in the economy of the State, and emphasizes the importance of giving it right direction in all its departments." Of the forty-six cities, seven paid nothing last year from taxation for public libraries; four others paid less than $500. The total amount, however, provided by tax in the cities of the State for libraries was $1,102,095, an increase of $77,000 over the year before. Sixteen new library buildings were completed and occupied within the year covered by the report. Seven of these were erected in the several boroughs of this city from the Carnegie fund. In the travelling library system there are now 82,880 volumes, the largest collection of its kind in the world. The total number of libraries sent out during the year was 779, containing 40,377 volumes. More than half of these libraries were sent to registered study clubs, the remainder being sent to groups of citizens in places having no public library, to public libraries wishing to supplement their scanty supply, to public schools, to charitable institutions, to individual families, and to various organizations, such as granges, Young Men's Christian Association, etc.

W. F. Yust, librarian of the Louisville Public Library, reports the following facts regarding library conditions in Kentucky: According to best obtainable statistics there are now in the State seventy-nine libraries of from 1,000 to 10,000 volumes, six of from 10,000 to 20,000, three of from 20,000 to 30,000, one of 50,000, one of 90,000, and one of 100,000. Of the ninety libraries thus enumerated, twenty-one are free public libraries; the others are institutional or subscription libraries. Ten of the public libraries, or almost one-half the total number, have Carnegie buildings. By far the larger part of the free library work of the State is being done in Louisville, where five Carnegie buildings are now being erected, and where last year the appropriation of funds and the circulation of books were probably twice as large as in all the rest of the State. Of the 119 counties there are but sixteen with free libraries and twelve

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with subscription libraries. The other seventy-one are without libraries altogether. The travelling library system is maintained by a committee of the Women's Federation of Kentucky, containing eighty-four libraries of fifty-five volumes each, which are circulated in twenty-four mountain counties.

Joel Chandler Bancroft Davis died December 27 in Washington. He was born in Worcester, Mass., in 1822, a nephew of George Bancroft. After graduation from Harvard in 1840, he practised law, and afterward entered the diplomatic service. In 1869 he was appointed Assistant Secretary of State, and in 1871 he prepared the Case of the United States for the arbitration of the Alabama claims at Geneva. For nineteen years preceding his resignation some five years ago, he was reporter of the United States Supreme Court. In his early days he had been editor of *Massachusetts Justice*. Besides editing the reports of the Supreme Court, he had prepared a volume, "Treaties and Conventions entered into by the United States." He was author of two pamphlets: "The Origin of the Book of Common Prayer," and "The Place and Work of the Laity in the Church."

Andrew Jackson George, head of the department of English in the Newton (Mass.) high school, died December 27. He was born in Goffstown, N. H., in 1855 and was graduated from Amherst in 1876. He had edited some twenty volumes of English classics for school use.

Jean Joseph Cornély, a French journalist, connected at one time or another with the *Journal Officiel, Estaffette, Figaro, Gaulois,* and *Matin,* died December 26. He was born at Nogna in 1845. Among his books are "L'Œil du diable," a romance of adventure; "Le Czar Alexandre III et le Roi (Le Comte de Chambord)," recollections and impressions of travel; "La France et son armée"; "Rome et le jubilé de Léon XIII, notes d'un pélerin."

THE LIFE OF A BUCCANEER.

Dampier's Voyages: Consisting of a New Voyage Round the World, a Supplement to the Voyage Round the World, Two Voyages to Campeachy, a Discourse of Winds, a Voyage to New Holland, and a Vindication, in Answer to the Chimerical Relation of William Funnell. By Capt. William Dampier; edited by John Masefield. 2 vols. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $7.50 net.

John Masefield, whose "On the Spanish Main" was reviewed in the *Nation* of October 11, 1906, has done a good piece of work in preparing this edition of Dampier's writings. From Dampier he drew not a little of the material for the book we have just mentioned—an account of the buccaneers and of the English forays on the Isthmus of Darien; and now he has given us the originals in two excellently printed and sufficiently annotated volumes.

"I would ask those readers who find the voyages dull to remember the life of him who wrote them," says Mr. Masefield in an introductory memoir. But the voyages are not dull to one who has acquired the art of skipping. There are many details about winds and currents and shoals, transcripts from a sailor's log, but all these and other technicalities can be passed over at a glance by the reader who is intent upon the real stuff of Dampier's narratives: his observations upon plants and animals, upon the strange manners and customs of the far-away lands he visited, and, above all, his picture—not formally drawn, but built up by little touches here and there—of life among the buccaneers. For Dampier was himself an interesting man. The "Dictionary of National Biography" puts him down as "buccaneer, pirate, circumnavigator, captain in the navy, and hydrographer." Such a person is worth knowing.

The facts regarding his life are drawn mainly from his own writings. The son of an English tenant-farmer, he was born in 1652. At the age of sixteen he went on a voyage to Newfoundland, and was disgusted by the hardships. But in three or four years he was on shipboard again, and he followed the sea almost till his death in 1715. He was in the fleet that fought the Dutch, in 1673; he sailed for the Bay of Campeachy to secure a cargo of logwood in 1675, and for two or three years he alternated between log-cutting and buccaneering. In 1679 he put forth again for the West Indies, crossed the Isthmus, sacked Santa Marta, seized several Spanish vessels, and, plundering and burning, got as far south as the island of Juan Fernandez. After many privations, he made his way back to Virginia in 1682. A year later he set out from there with a party that doubled Cape Horn, ravaged the west coast of South America, and finally started across the Pacific. They visited the Ladrones, the Philippines, the Chinese coast, and New Holland. Dampier and several companions were marooned on Nicobar Island; but, relying on Dampier's skill as a navigator, they boldly ventured in a canoe and made their way to Sumatra. He was desperately ill, but after recovery he spent two years in trading voyages to Tonquin, Madras, and other places. Then he managed to get passage on an Indiaman and reached England in 1691, after an absence of twelve years. Of his life during the next six or seven years we have no account; but early in 1699, under authorization of the Admiralty, he commanded an exploring voyage in the region of New Guinea; in 1703 he made another expedition to the south seas. The history of these efforts is a history of discontent, quarrels, and mutiny, and at least one wreck. On his last voyage he was pilot on the Duke, a privateer, commanded by Captain Woodes Rogers. The Duke, with the Duchess as consort, sailed from England in 1708, passed round Cape Horn into the Pacific, rescued Alexander Selkirk—the supposed prototype of Robinson Crusoe—from his solitary imprisonment on Juan Fernandez, crossed the Pacific, and came home by the Cape of Good Hope.

Through this crowded and active career, through all privations and perils, he doggedly kept a journal which he worked over into the volumes enumerated in the title. The "New Voyage" was published in 1697, and his last work, the "Vindication," in 1707. How he found time, energy, or inclination, surrounded as he was by pirates, logwood-cutters, and carousing and ignorant sailors, to note with such care the appearance and habits of every plant, fish, bird, or beast that he saw, and to chronicle the traits of the painted savages and the yet more savage Englishmen of his crews—this is the mystery. Yet his "Discourse on the Wind" may, according to the "Dictionary of National Biography," be "even now justly regarded, so far as it goes, as a textbook of that branch of physical geography." Moreover, Humboldt declares that such distinguished savants as Condamine, Juan, and Ulloa added little to Dampier's observations on the objects that fell under his eyes. His pages do not lend themselves readily to brief quotation, but here is a sample, an account of the almost human intelligence and ethical code of the man-of-war birds and the boobies on islands off the coast of Yucatan:

> If one of these lame [man-of-war] Birds found a young Booby not guarded, it presently gave him a good Poult on the Back with his Bill to make him disgorge, which they will do with one Stroak, and it may be cast up a Fish or two as big as a Man's Wrist; this they swallow in a Trice, and march off, and look out for another Prize. The sound Men-of-War will sometimes serve the old Boobies so at Sea. I have seen a Man-of-War fly directly at a Booby, and give it one blow, which has caused it to cast up a large Fish, and the Man-of-War flying directly down after it, has taken it in the Air, before it reach'd the Water. (Vol. II., p. 129.)

Readers who have not the taste of a naturalist, but who think that the proper study of mankind is man, will find scattered here and there much about wild peoples and their ways; for Dampier had an insatiate curiosity. He informs us, in his "Supplement to the Voyage Round the World," that whenever he reached a new settlement, "usually after Supper, if the Day was not shut in, I took a ramble about the Village, to see what was worth taking notice of, especially the Pagoda of the place." He jots down the looks of the people, their dress, food, social customs, the relations of the sexes, the methods of government, and the worship. If we may believe him, the administration of anæsthetics in surgery was practised in China at least as early as the year 1688:

> 'Tis reported, that they first put the Patient into a Sleep; But how long they are curing him after the Operation is over, I know not. (Vol. II., p. 15.)

But, as we have said, the significant thing is not so much what he offers us directly, as the reflection in his writings of the desperate trade of the buccaneer and pirate. "What a set! What a world!" was Matthew Arnold's exclamation on reading Dowden's "Life of Shelley." Arnold would have found the set of gentleman adventurers to which Captain Dampier introduces us even less attractive. They were a crew of drunken cutthroats, brawling, fighting, and murdering. Dampier passes very lightly over their exploits in capturing Spanish ships and robbing and destroying villages; but their mutinies and their squabbles over booty tell the tale in unmistakable terms. And then their sufferings from scurvy and from tropical fevers, their wounds, their bad food, the drinking water, which "looked more like ink than water," their hunger and thirst, the storms at sea, the impenetrable thickets of the tropical forests through which they hacked their way—all these make one marvel what a man could find in a life so destitute of all that seems to us worth while. The buccaneers could not enjoy

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even the coarsest gratifications of the senses. For some of them the prize was indubitably the heaps of gold for which they staked their bodies and souls. Yet they seem to have had no clearly formulated plan for doing anything with the treasure when once they got it. They were apparently actuated by sheer blind, brutal lust of possession.

But with some of them—with Captain Dampier himself, we believe—the impelling motive was something nobler than the mere greed of the miser; it was the love of adventure and romance. The wonders of the universe were unrolling before their gaze; lands of almost fathomless mystery stretched before them; their ears were filled with the call of the wild; and battle and tempest and hair-breadth escape set their hearts flying. Their gusto for changes and for hazards is that which Kipling celebrates in his "Sestina of the Tramp-Royal" and again in his "For to Admire"—

For such as cannot use one bed too long,
But must get 'ence the same as I 'ave done,
An' go observin' matters till they die.

What do it matter where or 'ow we die,
So long as we've our 'ealth to watch it all—
The different ways that different things are done.

Dampier had his moments of repentance. "A sudden skirmish or engagement, or so, was nothing when one's Blood was up, and pushed forwards with eager expectations"; but "a lingring view of approaching Death" sapped his courage:

I made very sad Reflections in my Former Life, and look'd back with Horror and Detestation on Actions which before I disliked, but now I trembled at the remembrance of. I had long before this repented me of that roving course of Life, but never with such concern as now. (Vol. I, p. 482.)

But the danger passed, he fell back into his old view of life:

For to admire an' for to see,
For to be'old this world so wide—
It never done no good to me,
But I can't drop it if I tried!

CURRENT FICTION.

The Altar Fire. By A. C. Benson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Mr. Benson grows not a whit less ingenious or more conclusive as time passes. His power of production seems to have no limit. To bring out as many as four or five books a year has been scarcely possible hitherto even for a novelist. The putting forth in so brief a time of several volumes of intimate essays dealing with the more subtle and difficult problems of human experience is nothing short of a prodigy. The mere fact of it reduces one to the Johnsonian attitude of wonder at the achievement itself and not at its quality. In a sense, no doubt, the author would be justified in thinking that the author's pace is none of the reader's business. So be it. The fact remains that Mr. Benson's half-dozen books of confession (whether personal or dramatic) give one a sense of continued effusion, rather than of steady growth or even accumulation. They are ingenuous, sympathetic, graceful, moving—what you will; only they do not seem to "get anywhere." Such literature, when it impinges on the graver sphere of human experience, is not without its dangers. It is in the way of stimulating the spiritual sense for a moment, only to leave it, so to speak, with the pores open.

"The Altar Fire" is more nearly akin to "The Gate of Death" than to any other of its predecessors. Its theme and mood are similar. In the later study, however, the problem is more complicated. The diarist in "The Gate of Death" survives, as it were, his physical self, and records the data of his strange experience. The diarist of "The Altar Fire" survives his creative self, his ambition, and his family. In itself the record of his transition from the artist's absorption to a contented domesticity, and from that to a condition of spiritual well-being altogether independent of toward or untoward circumstance, is interesting and even edifying. The protagonist is initially well favored rather than strong. Ample means, a happy marriage, and an early literary success have brought him well toward middle life without subjecting him to the storm and stress from which character springs. The suddenly realized exhaustion of his literary impulse brings home to him with a first shock the fact of his essential limitation. The groanings of spirit which follow remind one of Tennyson's "Supposed Confessions of a Second-rate Sensitive Mind not at one with itself." All the conditions of his life are fair; only he himself is worth nothing. But gradually the desire to write leaves him, and at last even the regret of that desire. He finds it possible to busy himself contentedly with the humble affairs of daily life, his estate, his neighbors, the education of his children. Then his family are taken from him, one by one: his son, his wife, and his daughter. The numb despair which follows is gradually displaced by faith, and by the resolve to bear a part honestly and humbly in the work of the world. Certainly this is a credible, even a common, experience. That it is not altogether a healthy one, Mr. Benson freely admits:

No doubt the subject is a morbid one, because the book deliberately gives a picture of a diseased spirit. But a pathological treatise, dealing with cancer or paralysis, is not necessarily morbid, though it may be studied in a morbid mood. . . . Morbidity only begins when one acquiesces in suffering as being incurable and inevitable; and the motive of this book is to show that it is at once curative and curable, a very tender part of a wholly loving and lovable Fatherly design.

Ah, one reflects, but is such truth to be best shown by such means? It is the hysterical self-consciousness of this sufferer, the insatiable self-pity, which must repel robust minds. Even at the end, in his resignation, his piety, his aspiration, there is more than a trace of the flattering unction which is the unfailing solace of an infertile egoism. Is it unfair to hint that to protest too much is the perilous tendency, not only of Mr. Benson's interlocutors, but of Mr. Benson himself?

Jesse ben David, A Shepherd of Bethlehem. By James M. Ludlow. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co.

Of the many literary crimes that are yearly committed in the name of Christmas, none, surely, is more deplorable than the inveterate production of a certain number of stories in which stars, camels, sheep, and Roman chariots figure conspicuously among the properties. A curious pseudo-Biblical vocabulary is one hallmark of the *genre.* And for plot, the procedure is to weave certain strands of the sacred story, more or less re-colored to suit modern taste, into the fabric of some trite melodrama. Listen to the latest rendering of the shepherds' message:

"Peace, friends! peace!" cried Jesse. "Let Joshua speak, or Boaz," addressing the foremost of the herdsmen.

"We know not how to tell it," said Boaz, his excitement confusing his words. . . . "Suddenly the sky burst with light. . . . Then there sounded a mighty voice as of the angel of the Lord. The heavens shook and the stars were jarred out of their places with the noise, as are the figures wrought into a tent when a great wind falls upon it. Yet was that voice softer than the chords of the harp—and this it said, 'There is born to you this night in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.' . . . And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host. Each star bore the face of an angel, and the fleecy clouds were changed to wings. Then the angel-faced stars sang together. . . ."

Here is imagination! How barren, how meagre, appears the traditional narrative of the shepherds watching their flocks by night, beside the new and improved version, in which angel-faced stars ingeniously play their rôle. It remains to provide the text with "lavish" marginal decorations, representing tables of the law, doves, harps, helmets, and what not; to insert a number of primitive-looking woodcuts and a colored plate of the Nativity; lastly, to bind the volume in cream, blue, and gold—there you have a perfect gift-book and an ornament to any marble-topped parlor table.

The Heart of Jessie Laurie. By Amelia E. Barr. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

First may we call attention to the absurd character of the head by Harrison Fisher which decorates the cover and fronts the title-page of this book? It seems to us that the so-called illustrator waxes in pure impudence day by day. The mere writer is more and more helpless in his hands. Vain are the stipulations of the text, vain the carefully expressed opinion of the author that his people have a certain appearance, or do certain things. This lady may be recognized as a Fisher girl, but she is not the fisher lass of Mrs. Barr's story; in place of the "gayly striped fisher gown and bright blue kerchief" with which the author feebly accredits her, the artist has thoughtfully provided a modish "shirtwaist" and stock. The young person on this cover may be a local concession.

In itself, this is a good story by an experienced story-teller. Its atmosphere is that in which Mrs. Barr breathes most easily. Jessie Laurie is an Effie Deans of a sturdier mould. She abandons a lover of her own class in response to the call of an aristocratic young Lothario. He gains possession of her by a form of marriage which he intends to be a mockery, but which turns out to be legal, so that technically she is not betrayed. The child of the union becomes the scapegrace's heir, and the scapegrace, taking himself off by drowning, leaves her free to marry the faithful and magnanimous lover. If the sum of all this is not a story of remarkable power, it is certainly a story told with more than ordinary intelligence and control. The character of Jessie herself,

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at first emotional, selfish, and headstrong, is shown to be developed, not violently converted, by suffering, into a strong, loving, by no means mawkishly repentant, womanhood. So long as fiction is recognized as something more than a trick to amuse, novels like this will continue to be accepted with respect, if not precisely with awe.

The Affair at Pine Court. By Nelson Rust Gilbert. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

"In the Adirondacks, in this year of our Lord, it is incredible." So one of the characters describes the doings at Pine Court, and we are inclined to agree with him; but if the writer has strained for the unusual in somewhat too obvious a fashion, at least he has avoided the Scylla of the stereotyped. Chenberger-Vogel, the pivotal personage, is only an impossible cad instead of a potential Satan, and his tirades grow tiresome at times; but on the whole the book is entertaining, especially in the bits of naïve moralizing on every subject from the cleanliness of the poor to Christian Science, that cling like mistletoe to the trunk of the story, and appeal potently, if unconsciously, to the reader's sense of humor.

The Interrupted Honeymoon. Jane Grosvenor Cooke. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co.

This story begins pleasantly—so pleasantly that for the sake of the beginning one wades in exasperation through sloughs of despond, doggedly determined to unearth the reason why Sarah left William on their wedding journey. The behavior of this misguided pair is a fine example of the good old New England trait of "cussedness": and the convalescence of their happiness is attended by an exhausting number of relapses. "The Interrupted Honeymoon" would have made an excellent short story of the kind made famous by Mary Wilkins, but in its present state, it recalls the comment of the bored guest in "Trelawney"—"Sit down; you finished long ago."

Reconstruction, Political and Economic, 1865-1877. [The American Nation, Vol. XXII.] By William A. Dunning. New York: Harper & Bros. $2 net.

Two points only in this volume seem to call for comment. The first, always especially significant in a work which, like this, deals with a transition period, is the point of view. Professor Dunning states his position clearly in the following sentences from his preface:

We must regard the period [of reconstruction] as a step in the progress of the American nation. In this aspect the North claims our principal attention. The social, economic, and political forces that wrought positively for progress are to be found in the record, not of the vanquished, but of the victorious section. In this record there is less that is spectacular, less that is pathetic, and more that seems inexcusably sordid than in the record of the South; but moral and dramatic values must not have greater weight in the writing than they have had in the making of history.

How well the author has adhered to his purpose, even a cursory examination of his book would suffice to show. Throughout, accounts of purely political matters directly affecting the South are rigidly condensed, while discussions of constitutional questions are reduced to their lowest terms. Professor Dunning has not, to be sure, lost sight of the fact that the greatest question before the nation, in the twelve years whose story he tells, was the rehabilitation of the South; but he has succeeded in pointing out, better than any other summary writer on the period, the wide variety of other interests with which the people were at the same time concerned. Thus, we have brief and incidental, but relatively fitting, discussions of the tariff, currency, public lands, and the settlement of the West, railroad extension and consolidation, and the general course of trade and commerce; together with such special topics as the Whiskey and Tweed rings, the Crédit Mobilier, the Belknap and other investigations, civil service and spoils, the panic of 1873, the granger movement, and the recurring Indian outbreaks. Similar in treatment are the accounts of foreign relations, including such important matters as the Fenian raid, the Alaska purchase, the negotiations regarding San Domingo and the Danish West Indies, Maximilian and the French in Mexico, the "Virginius" affair, the Alabama claims and the treaty of Washington, and the fisheries arbitration.

The other point is the author's judgments of men. Towards the Republican policy as a whole, Professor Dunning's attitude is prevailingly critical, though he does not fail to diagnose the political situation with detailed care, or to give due weight to the enormous difficulties which the problem of reconstruction presented. On the whole, his sympathies seem to lie in this respect with the Liberal Republicans. In his estimates of Republican leaders, however, his criticism is caustic. Thaddeus Stevens, for example, appears in the Congress of 1866-67 "truculent, vindictive, and cynical," his "keen and relentlessly logical mind" and "ever-ready gift of biting sarcasm and stinging repartee" balanced by "a total lack of scruple as to means in the pursuit of a legislative end." Sumner's forte was "exalted moral fervor and humanitarian idealism":

He lived in the empyrean, and descended thence upon his colleagues with dogmas which he discovered there. . . . He would shed tears at the bare thought of refusing to freedmen rights of which they had no comprehension, but would filibuster to the end of the session to prevent the restoration to the Southern whites of rights which were essential to their whole conception of life. He was the perfect type of that narrow fanaticism which erudition and egotism combine to produce, and to which political crises alone give the opportunity for actual achievement.

Henry Wilson is pilloried as a Senator "whose sympathy for the down-trodden was no less demonstrative than his colleague's, but whose tears in their flow never for a moment distorted his count of the votes to be gained for his party"; while George S. Boutwell "exemplified perfectly the hard, merciless type which the Puritan conscience makes of a mediocre man." As for Grant, his "malodorous" career as President showed him to be, what he was at the beginning, "a narrow, headstrong, and politically untutored military chief," with a "lack of matured judgments on public affairs," and "an utter lack of ability to judge men."

These are unquestionably severe judgments, though the careful accuracy of Professor Dunning's narrative, well fortified with references to the sources, forbids us to pronounce them hasty. Revealing, as they do, sides of personal character on which writers of the patriotic sort do not care to dwell, they serve to show how far the pendulum has swung from the time when those who carried through the policy of reconstruction were saints or seers, and those who opposed it were fools or knaves. Perhaps, if Professor Dunning had been permitted to work on larger lines, the weaknesses and asperities of his figures would have blended better with the something impressive which men of the time recognized in them; though it has to be confessed that, if one must have a hero, the reconstruction period is a barren field to search.

The Near East. Anonymous. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $3 net.

Through Savage Europe. By Harry de Windt. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

Russia and Austria, as the agents of the European Concert for the pacification of Macedonia, have recently been showing signs of renewed activity, an activity which has brought the Balkan peninsula and its crucial problem into increased prominence. Both these volumes, therefore, have timeliness in their favor. It may be said at the beginning, however, that their contribution to a possible better understanding of the Balkan Question consists far less in any addition to our knowledge of actual political conditions than in a description of the Balkan country and of the people among whom the historic problem of the Near East is being painfully worked out. Harry de Windt needs no introduction as an old traveller and a pleasing raconteur whose light narrative carries with it the evidence of close and just observation.

So much cannot be said for the English author of "The Near East," who starts out under the serious handicap of a pompous introduction which the contents of the volume do not at all justify. We are told in the Preface:

The reason of the anonymity of this book is obvious. Revealing as it does the actual state of affairs in the Balkan Peninsula in this present year of grace 1907, it contains many plain truths and much outspoken criticism. By a long journey of close, confidential inquiry through Montenegro, northern Albania, Dalmatia, Bosnia, Herzegovina, Servia, Bulgaria, Rumania, Turkey, and Macedonia, I have at risk of betraying certain information imparted to me under seal of secrecy endeavored to place the actual and serious truth before English readers. . . . Private audiences were granted me by various kings and princes of the Balkan States and by his Imperial Majesty the Sultan, so that I was enabled to gather information, some of which is, of course, known in the chancelleries of Europe, while other facts will probably come as a revelation, even to Balkan diplomats themselves.

Now this is silly pretence. All the political information contained in "The Near East" is not only known to the European chancelleries, but almost all of it is known to the keeper of the files of American newspapers. According to the author's own account of his interviews with royalty, the kings and princes of the Balkan peninsula seem to have agreed in declaring that they admired England, were on the best terms with Germany, Austria,

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France, and Italy, entertained the warmest sentiments for Russia, maintained the most amicable relations with their Balkan neighbors, and had nearest to their hearts the welfare of their subjects and their land, whose just interests they were prepared to maintain without trespassing on the rights of others. These are not particularly inflammatory sentiments, and the traveller who gave them to the world, might have laid aside his anonymity without exposing himself to the serious consequences of royal and princely resentment.

It is such affectation that makes it hard to do justice to the elements of merit in the volume—its description of men and manners, which though frequently overpicturesque is nevertheless instructive; its account of the little known territories of Bosnia-Herzegovina under the Austrian régime, which is depicted in very black colors, and its statement of the case for the present régime in Servia. The style of the book is slovenly. Such expressions as "The rival one night took his rifle and laid in wait for my brother," and "Palok, whom I found was not known," are quite as atrocious in their kind as anything the Turks have done in Macedonia.

Mr. de Windt's itinerary was largely the same as that of our other traveller. His Savage Europe comprises Montenegro, Bosnia, Herzegovina, Servia, Bulgaria, Rumania, and southern Russia. Of the mountainous western portion of the peninsula the impression given is altogether pleasing; a Switzerland inhabited by a semi-Oriental people, where racial and personal feuds appear only to invest care-free life with an additional charm. In Bosnia and Herzegovina the author of "Savage Europe" takes a view quite opposite to that we find in "The Near East," with regard to the Austrian rule. The difference in attitude is still more marked when we come to Servia, which the reader will find the most absorbing portion of the volume. Mr. De Windt's condemnation of the series of events by which the present King came to power is thorough, and his account of the assassination of the young King Alexander and Queen Draga is the most vivid we remember reading. The culmination of the tragedy is thus described:

> Even his enemies admit that Alexander's last moments were characterized by almost superhuman coolness and heroism. Both he and Draga must have known from the moment Maschin and his cut-throats burst into the sleeping apartment, that their fate was sealed. Draga was cowering in a corner shaking with terror, while the King, revolver in hand, tried to shield her person from the gaze of the brutal intruders. Colonel Maschin was the first to stride up to the King with a document for his signature—a promise to banish Draga forever from Servia, or abdicate. Alexander made no reply but fired point-blank at the speaker—missing him—upon which a volley laid the King low. It was now Draga's turn. . . . The corpses were thrown into the gardens below, where they lay until the Russian minister found them at daybreak. The King had lost the fingers of both hands, and had received no less than thirty-six bullet wounds, the Queen only sixteen.

And to the present day Belgrade has remained a city of assassination and ominous unrest. It is all the more surprising therefore to read of rural Servia as a "garden land" and of its inhabitants as a peaceful, laborious and prosperous peasantry, quite undisturbed by the murderous dissensions of their rulers. These facts help the historical imagination to recall how the Roman world once lived in security under a succession of Neros and Domitians.

The Tomb of Iouiya and Touiyou. The Finding of the Tomb, by Theodore M. Davis; Notes on Iouiya and Touiyou, by Gaston Maspero; Description of the Objects found in the Tomb, by Percy E. Newberry; Illustrations of the Objects, by Howard Carter. Folio. Pp. xxx., 48. 44 plates. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $12.50.

One can find only words of praise for the work done by Mr. Davis in his explorations in the "Valley of the Kings" in Egypt, opposite Luxor and near the site of ancient Thebes. Those who visited the museum in Cairo early in the season of 1906-7 saw the things which he found in a tomb in a most unexpected place and in an unpromising site in January, 1905; and those who were late in Egypt last winter saw some of the objects which he had just unearthed. First came the funereal furniture and the mummies of the parents of the great Queen Tii, and second the remains of the Queen herself. To have found these things is a sufficient honor for one man but they are only the crown of former achievements.

In his publications also, Mr. Davis shows excellent taste. His own contribution to his book is brief and modest, but it is the story of a man who knows whereof he speaks. In the present volume, as in those which have preceded, he has enlisted the aid of specialists, so that the publication takes its place at once as a valuable contribution and as a definitive work.

The significance of the present find from a historical point of view is in the fact that the supposed Asiatic parentage of Queen Tii is seen to be based upon erroneous grounds. This exploded theory was used to account for the origin of the new form of religion introduced by Khuaaten, the "heretic" King, son of Tii, as though it were a Semitic importation. But it is now seen that the parents were native, and undoubtedly of humble if not obscure origin; that they held inferior positions in the Court retinue, and were far from having the royal blood of Syria in their veins. We get a hint, at least, of a possible romance in the marriage of the King with a lowly maiden; but subsequent events show that she was held in the highest honor. The King, her husband, goes out of his way to mention both her and her parents in as unlikely a place as some huge scarabs on which he records his exploit of killing with his own hands "one hundred and ten lions, fierce ones." Three of these scarabs are now in the Metropolitan Museum in New York.

Madame de Staël and Benjamin Constant. Unpublished Letters, edited by Baroness Elisabeth de Nolde; translated from the French by Charlotte Harwood. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50 net.

What little is known of Mme. de Staël's correspondence is both disconnected and scrappy, the result of publications undertaken, at long intervals and somewhat at random, generally by unauthorized editors. From letters written by the Duchess de Broglie in 1831, and a statement by the Duke de Broglie, in 1844, we gather that the heirs of Mme. de Staël, and Mme. de Staël herself, were strenuously opposed to such publications. This last batch of letters has been unearthed from the archives of the Marenholtz family in Hanover, and edited by the great-granddaughter of Benjamin Constant's second wife. The editor has not been content to give what unpublished letters, some twenty-eight in number, she found among those that Mme. de Staël wrote to Constant from England, Paris, Coppet, and Pisa during the years 1813 to 1816. With the aid of Constant's "Journal Intime," and some other correspondence already published by A. Strodtman in his "Dichterprofile," the Baroness de Nolde set out to give us a complete and interesting, if not very well composed, history of the whole *liaison*. We learn little in it, however, that we did not know already, and we understand the repugnance of the family to have their ancestor's sentimental life exposed once more to the public gaze. These whinings of a jilted woman, these love quarrels, complicated by business differences, this exchange of bitter words and ugly threats between two great minds make unpleasant reading, in spite of occasional flights into the more serene realm of political philosophy.

The reader may smile at the efforts of this mother to "establish" her daughter and her naïve complaint that England offers few matrimonial chances, because "there are so many women and so much money." It is also pathetic to see Corinne clamoring to recover her 40,000 francs from a man whom it would "hurt less to see her die of grief" than "to have to pay his debts." But these earthly cares, if they disillusion us a bit, do not detract from our admiration for a great writer who happened, at the same time, to be also a woman and a mother. Benjamin Constant, on the other hand, to whom she once wrote, "No one can have loved you as I love you," and again, "O, Benjamin, you have destroyed my life," and finally, "It [your conduct] passes all that I believed of the human heart," appears all through this correspondence, where he plays a silent part, a monster of flippant selfishness.

This edition, prepared by two women, bears many marks of inexperience. It might have been easy to spell at least the name of Rocca, Mme. de Staël's second husband, without a mistake.

Science.

American Birds. By William L. Finley. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.

On opening this book one is struck by the unusual excellence of the illustrations, most of them by H. T. Bohlman. Even in this era of nature photographs these of wild birds, their nests, and their young, are remarkable, perhaps, as a whole, the best thus far produced. Unhappily, they have suffered considerable reduction, in order to put three or four on each inset page.

The text is divided into twenty-one chapters, each treating some one species or

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group of species, from the hummingbird to the golden eagle. Since most of the studies were made in the extreme West, many of the species are little known in the East; but with few exceptions all have closely related Eastern representatives, with habits differing but slightly. The facts relate chiefly to the conduct of parents at the breeding season and to the appearance, growth, and general characteristics of the young. The text is uneven. Some chapters are excellent and thoroughly enjoyable: others are spoiled by a padding of unimportant details of uninteresting actions. Many new points in avine economy are, however, brought out, such as the division of the labor of feeding the young by the grosbeak, the parents bearing the brunt of the work on alternate days. The action of the male wren is unusual, when he takes the worms from the too fond mother, and, by tantalizing the young, inveigles them from the nest to their first flight. It will be news to many that the kingfisher, "in the Southern States, where the streams are few and run dry in summer, . . . takes to a fare of grasshoppers and mice." Mr. Finley's frequent allusions to the value of birds to man and the importance of protecting them more adequately are timely, for the day is rapidly approaching when every farmer must give this question more serious attention or lose an increasing percentage of his crops from the depredations of insects.

Mr. Finley seems rather uncertain of his scientific names, as instanced by the spelling of those on pages 109 and 115. The brief family summary at the end of each chapter is of little use and might better have been omitted. The work is accurate as to observation and forms a real addition to our knowledge of Western bird life. It is, however, as a splendid record of the photographer's skill in portraying the more intimate home life of wild birds that the volume deserves especial mention.

G. P. Putnam's Sons announce for publication early this year "The Prolongation of Human Life; Optimistic Essays," by Elie Metchnikoff, sub-director of the Pasteur Institute. This, the authorized English translation, is edited with an introduction by P. Chalmers Mitchell, secretary of the Zoölogical Society of London.

Henry Holt & Co. are issuing at once in their American Nature Series a popular one-volume work, "Fishes," by President David Starr Jordan of Leland Stanford University, which contains virtually all the non-technical material from the author's larger work in two volumes, "A Guide to the Study of Fishes." There are nearly 700 illustrations, 18 of them colored.

Dr. Hermann Hack's "Geographen-Kalender, fünfter Jahrgang 1907" (Gotha: Justus Perthes), records the geographic movement, so to say, of 1906 with German thoroughness. Opening with a biographical sketch of Professor Dalla Vedova, of the University of Rome, the compiler goes on with a *geographische Chronik* arranged by countries giving every item that could possibly concern a map-maker. To illustrate, our eye falls on the statement that on May 22, a forest fire destroyed seven villages in Michigan, besides partly burning others. Thousands of other similar records show how broad is the German conception of the basis of geographic science. This department is illustrated with maps, among which we notice one of the proposed channel tunnel, another of the lava flow of Vesuvius in 1906, and still a third of the African Railway system. Parts III. and IV. are respectively devoted to the explorations of 1906 (with maps), and to a very full geographic bibliography of the same year. Part V. is necrological, and VI. is a directory giving the name, place of residence, position, and where possible, date and place of birth of every living person in any way connected with any subject bearing on geography. There are indexes of both subjects and names.

The well-known "Allgemeiner Handatlas" of Andree, in large folio, 17x11½ inches, has just been issued by Velhagen & Klasing, Leipzig, in a fifth edition, correctly described as *vollständig neu bearbeitet und vermehrte*, under the editorship of Dr. H. Scobel. It contains 130 chief charts and 162 of a secondary character, published on 207 sheets, and costs 32 marks. A list of more than 240,000 geographical names, with reference to the different charts, is a valuable feature of this standard work.

The radio-activity of mineral springs has been one of the year's subjects of investigation, with some curious results which, with increased observation, may have an influence in therapeutics. Pierre Curie had already collected helium in many mineral springs, and it has been found in the air. Prof. Charles Moureu of the École Supérieure de Pharmacie has studied various springs at the spot where the water gushes from the ground. He finds that they give out continuous emanations of radium and comparatively large quantities of such rare gases as argon, neon, and helium. The single spring of the Lymbe at Bourbon-Lancy yields annually more than 10,000 litres of helium. The Académie de Médecine commissioned three young physicians, having proper scientific attainments, to study certain well-known springs. M. Ameuilles found Plombières and Bad Gastein in Austria the most active, with an emanation which has all the properties of radium emanation. The sediment is also radio-active, and the surrounding atmosphere lightly so. An observation, which explains why it is not the same thing to use bottled waters and "take the waters" at the springs, shows that this radio-activity disappears in a short time; within four days half of it was lost in water taken away from the spring. It is even probable that all spring water, taken at its source, is slightly radio-active.

Coleman Sellers, engineer and scientist, died in Philadelphia December 28. He was born in Philadelphia in 1827, and while still a young man invented a number of tools and machines. In 1861 he patented the kinematoscope, a forerunner of the modern moving-picture machine. He became much interested in photography, was one of the founders of the Philadelphia Photographic Society, and acted as American correspondent of the *British Journal of Photography*. He also invented some useful aids in microscopic work; and for three years he served on a commission appointed by the University of Pennsylvania in 1884 to study the phenomena of spiritism. When the project of generating electricity at Niagara was set on foot, he represented America on a commission of five members, headed by Lord Kelvin, then Sir William Thompson. He acted as chief engineer of the construction, and devised important features of the great dynamos. He was a member of many learned societies.

Drama.

Franz Grillparzer and the Austrian Drama, By Gustav Pollak. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.50 net.

The Austrian drama plays an important part in German literature and the German theatre; and the life and work of its foremost representative in the first half of the nineteenth century have been the subject of much psychological speculation and æsthetical analysis. Mr. Pollak's book is the first attempt, outside of our college world, to introduce Franz Grillparzer to American readers. He has written a sympathetic study of a character very difficult of comprehension if viewed apart from the circumstances of time and place. As a son of the country which gave birth to the poet, Mr. Pollak is singularly fitted to interpret Grillparzer's isolation in life and unique position in letters.

Many threads connect Franz Grillparzer with his contemporaries and compatriots. He stands among them a typical Austrian of the Metternich period, loyal to the monarchy and unquestioning in his attitude toward the privileges of bureaucracy and the prejudices of caste. But while as a man he upheld principles fast becoming obsolete in other parts of Europe, as artist he chafed under the pressure which resulted from the enforcement of these principles, and disastrously affected the intellectual growth of Austria. This somewhat aristocratic attitude set him apart from his forerunner in the Austrian drama, Raimund, as also from his greatest successor, Anzengruber. A son of the people, Raimund wrote out of his proletarian consciousness. He strove to console the poor by idolizing poverty. Grillparzer, however, had no sympathy with the people as such. Keeping aloof from his own class, he revelled in morbid self-analysis. Engrossed with the eternal conflict between instinct and reason, he made this the pivotal point of his works. This weary pessimism hung like a cloud over his life, and vibrated like a dismal undernote through his writings. It began, as Mr. Pollak points out, in the sombre parental home, ruled with the iron rod of discipline by a stern father, who sought no intimacy with his children and rigidly suppressed his emotions. Yet the poet had inherited his father's clearness of intellect. The first play by Grillparzer. "Die Ahnfrau"—The Ancestress—was written in a gloomy old house with "enormous rooms, into which a ray of sunlight rarely penetrated." Only the mother, emotional and impulsive and endowed with an extraordinary gift for music, which the children had inherited, could have given the poet the affection needed to balance his intellectuality. But after having so long repressed his feelings, he was hardly capable of apppreciat-

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ing affection. Indeed, after a betrothal of five years' standing to Katharina Fröhlich, he came to the conclusion that he was incapable of true love. These points, so essential to a just estimate of Grillparzer's work, Mr. Pollak makes clear.

The connection between the life and the work of Grillparzer is very close. Mr. Pollak finds in the plaint of Sappho, beginning with the line "To lose and to renounce has been my lot," a direct allusion to his own misfortunes. Founded upon the conflict of art and actuality, the "Sappho" is hopelessly pessimistic. The first play, which suggests a brighter outlook upon life, was written during his early acquaintance with "Kathi"—that masterly historical drama "König Ottokar's Glück und Ende"—embodying the glorious past, the perilous present, and the brightly dawning future of the Austrian empire. Mr. Pollak's exhaustive quotations are likely to create an interest in this too little known yet remarkable work. Of all his works, "Libussa" has the most hopefulness. It contains prophetic lines which show that the author had caught a breath of the new spirit. In the splendid procession of his heroines—Sappho, Medea, Hero, Esther, Rachel and others—the superb figure of Libussa is the crowning achievement.

One chapter of Mr. Pollak's interesting volume is devoted to Grillparzer's miscellaneous writings. The author justly remarks:

> A certain acerbity of sentiment and obscurity of expression—occasionally even a slovenliness of form, of which his dramas fortunately bear so few traces—detract from the value of his poems.

Mr. Pollak quotes from the prose writings numerous passages, remarkable for their critical insight and independent judgment. Grillparzer's only attempt at fiction, the well-told story "Der arme Spielmann," might have received a little more attention, for, although it reflects throughout the poet's resigned mood, it strikes one note foreign to his other writings in the passage where he says that at the feasts of the people "Men as a mass forget for the nonce individual aims and feel themselves as a part of the whole, in which, after all, the divine element is to be found."

The contrast between Grillparzer and his great successor, Anzengruber, is striking. The son of a petty official, but a child of the second half of the century, Anzengruber was the mouthpiece of the democratic consciousness to which the people of Austria had begun to awaken. The first and perhaps the greatest of German realists, Anzengruber, created characters which are genuine products of the soil, and made them utter all the new aspirations that were working their way upward out of the people's soul. A final chapter tracing the development of the Austrian drama since the death of Anzengruber would have been welcomed by some readers. For, though the boundary lines between Germany and Austria are beginning to fade away in the literary world, there is still a quality in the work of the young generation of that country which is typically Austrian. As the spirit of Anzengruber's social consciousness seems to linger in Langmann's "Barthel Turaser" and the shadow of Grillparzer's pessimism to hover over the poetical dramas of Hoffmannsthal, so Schnitzler and Bahr represent the cosmopolized Vienna of to-day.

The metrical translations are an important feature of the book. With few exceptions they render with uncommon success the meaning and melody of the original.

Among the younger English actors there is perhaps no one more likely to become a dominant figure than H. B. Irving, the eldest son of the late Sir Henry. Not only has he inherited no small share of his father's histrionic ability, but he is a man of studious and scholarly habit, industry, and ambition. There is abundant evidence of his solid character and capacity in his "Occasional Papers, Dramatic and Historical," now collected in a convenient volume and published by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. These essays, although dealing for the most part with rather hackneyed subjects, are nevertheless written with so much comprehension, directness, and sobriety of judgment that they make pleasant and by no means unprofitable reading. His account of the eighteenth century stage is an admirable summary, notable for compact arrangement and judicious selection of vital matter. He fails, however, to perceive that the brilliancy of that theatrical period was due, in large degree at all events, to the adverse social conditions which he deplores, and that the deterioration of theatrical art has proceeded in almost exact ratio with the increase in the general popularity of the stage, and the success, both social and commercial, of its professors. What the stage needs to-day for its rehabilitation is not, as he seems to think, a larger measure of patronage and protection, but a time of adversity and trial, to purify it of its diseases, starve out its weaklings and impostors, restore a healthful if cruel competition, and so prepare, through a survival of the fittest, for the establishment of a new era of literary and dramatic achievement. What he has to say about the art and position in the world of the actor shows sanity and shrewdness of observation, together with a realization of the obligations and opportunities of his calling, and a proper pride in belonging to it. He also makes out a good case in defence of actor-managers, to whom, as a class, the stage doubtless has owed in the past much of its progress; but, there is another side of the picture, which shows the evil influence of a theatrical dictator whose sole aim is to make money and gratify his own vanity. His plea that a manager ought not to be blamed too severely for occasionally stooping to folly in order to win from the public the support upon which his very existence depends is plausible but specious. The ideal, and, in the long run, the wisest policy, is to woo success, after failure, by providing something that is more, not less, worthy of it. Mr. Irving ekes out his theatrical papers with one or two of his criminological studies, which are, perhaps, more curious than valuable. But lovers of the stage will find in this book assurance that the author has at least one rare qualification for the theatre, namely, brains.

The performance of Ibsen's "Rosmersholm" in the Lyric Theatre, Monday evening, attracted a large audience, and was received with appreciative applause for the actors, but with very little enthusiasm. There is small ground for belief that the experiment will prove popular. It would be difficult to name another play, of equal dramatic quality, more empty of inspiration. The peculiar genius of the author is displayed in the smooth, compact, and rapid mechanism, in the graduated climaxes leading to the final catastrophe, in the vital portraiture of the male characters, and in the vigorous political satire; but these merits are not sufficient compensation for the gloom and morbidity of the central theme. The various political types—Rosmer, the unpractical idealist; Kroll, the conscientious but narrow and bigoted conservative; Brendel, the visionary wastrel; and Mortensgard, the unprincipled trimmer—are drawn to the life; but Rebecca West, the embodiment of free will and the force that dominates the whole dramatic action, is a creature as impossible as she is detestable. Her conversion is incredible, and her so-called expiation absurd. Nor has Mrs. Fiske, who now assumes this part, the requisite power of emotional expression to disguise the dramatic and psychological unreasonableness of the closing situation. Rosmer's faith in the miracle of her transformation, supposed to have been effected by his own goodness, and his agreement that suicide may be equivalent to atonement and the symbol of a purified love, carry no conviction. The general representation was uncommonly good, George Arliss distinguishing himself by a very clever sketch of Brendel.

Judging by the printed reports, Sardou's latest theatrical invention, "L'Affaire des poisons," recently produced at the Porte St. Martin, in Paris, is in no wise inferior to his earlier melodramas, in respect of compact construction, ingenious plot, cumulative interest and striking climaxes. The question of its actual artistic, literary, dramatic, or historical value, is another affair, of course. But there seems to be no doubt that it is good carpentry. Coquelin is reported to do excellent work as the central figure, an escaped prisoner, who having obtained a clue to a plot against Louis XIV., in which Madame De Montespan and the chemist, La Voisin, are concerned, makes use of his knowledge to secure a pardon for himself.

The Vicomte Robert d'Humières, the French translator of Kipling, Barrie, and others, has recently organized a Theatre of the Arts. His object is to introduce to the Parisian stage a certain number of pieces characteristic of foreign art. The plan is to alternate French and foreign works. The dramatized version of "The Light That Failed," by Kipling, adapted by the Vicomte d'Humières; "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," and "Iris," by Pinero; revivals of the Elizabethan drama, and of the comedy of the Restoration, Webster's "Duchess of Malfi," and Mrs. Patrick Campbell in "Hedda Gabler" and "Electra," are English items on a list that includes works by Wedekind, Kampf, Sudermann, Maurice Maeterlinck, Tristan Bernard, Renan, "Gyp," Georges Courteline, and Mme. de Régnier ("Gérard d'Houville"). On Tuesdays and Saturday matinées are to be given at five o'clock, consisting of a series of lectures on literature, science, painting, music, travels, etc. MM. Saint-Saëns, Vincent d'Indy, Paul Adam, Comte de Montesquieu, Dr. Charcot, and Dr. Mardrus will lend their aid.

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Music.

Richard Wagner. Von Max Koch. New York: Lemcke & Buechner.

While Karl Friedrich Glasenapp is still at work on his monumental life of Wagner, which threatens to comprise as many volumes as a Chinese cyclopædia, others have not been idle in appropriating the fruits of his labors. The latest German biography of the great composer is by Prof. Max Koch of the University of Breslau. Only one volume is in print so far; it comprises the years 1813-1842, and contains nearly four hundred pages. The two remaining volumes will thus help to make a work of about 1,200 pages. This will hardly suffice for an exhaustive work on Wagner; but that it will be exhausting, is indubitably proved by the first volume.

No musician ever had so romantic and dramatically interesting a career, from beginning to end, as Wagner. It seems impossible to write an uninteresting account of his life, yet Professor Koch has accomplished this feat. His story of Wagner's life is about as absorbing as a text-book of archæology to the general reader. He seems to have an aversion to those minute details which help to give a life-like view of a man, while on the other hand he dotes on the minutest details regarding matters which have only the remotest bearing on the subject in hand. There is seldom a page of straightforward narrative, the discourse being interrupted every moment by irrelevant, or, at any rate, superfluous, matter. An amusing illustration of this pedantic method occurs on p. 184, on which reference is made to Wagner's first visit to Vienna, where, as the composer adds casually, he was annoyed by hearing the "Zampa" tunes everywhere. This leads our author to inform the reader:

> The most successful opera of the Frenchman Louis Joseph Herold (1791-1883). "Zampa, or the Marble Bride," had its first performance in Paris on May 3, 1831; in Vienna on May 3, 1832—Leipzig followed on September 17—and, as later, in the case of "Tannhäuser," the playwright Johann Nestroy had in 1832 at once prepared a parody, "Zampa the Sluggard, or the Bride of Gypsum," which during Wagner's sojourn in Vienna, was as popular as the opera itself.

There is hardly a page without an interpolation of this sort, and sometimes several pages are thus filled. An explanation of this peculiar method of literary composition may be found in the fact that Koch dispenses with the footnotes so dear to the German professor.

A careful examination of this volume has failed to reveal any important fact bearing on Wagner's life not noted by previous biographers. The facts regarding Wagner's doubtful paternity are more fully presented than elsewhere (pp. 36-37) and they make it almost certain that his real name should have been Richard Geyer. The author lays much stress, and properly, on the fact that it was through poetry that Wagner, from the beginning and always, approached music. He corrects a prevalent misconception in pointing out that Liszt was not a pupil or imitator of Wagner in composition. Liszt was already writing his symphonic poem "Ce qu'on entend sur la montagne" when Wagner was at work on his utterly unoriginal juvenile symphony. In commenting on the fact that Wagner's setting of Heine's "The Two Grenadiers" never became as popular as Schumann's (both introduced the Marseillaise at the end), our author mentions the fact that while Schumann gave this melody to the singer Wagner placed it in the piano part, but he apparently fails to see that this error on Wagner's part accounted for the preference shown for Schumann's song. Professor Koch is obviously one of the old guard who are convinced that Wagner never erred.

By far the most valuable section of Professor Koch's book is the bibliographic appendix of forty pages. He complains that his predecessors, including Glasenapp, did not sufficiently indicate the sources of their information. His appendix goes far toward remedying this omission, and he promises to complement the list in the two volumes still to come.

Prof. Ernst Wolff of the Conservatory of Music in Cologne, whose excellent biography of Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy appeared in 1906, has just published (Berlin: Behr) an admirable selection of the letters of the distinguished composer. Wagner, it will be recalled, described Mendelssohn as "a first-class landscape painter," a designation which applies with equal force to his letters. They are remarkable for clearness and vividness of delineation. Thus in a letter from Switzerland written when he was thirteen years old to his teacher Zeller, he shows a fine observation of nature rare in a boy of that age. Peculiarly interesting are the letters to Goethe and Moscheles and the descriptions of his life in Munich in 1830 and 1831, which he found more congenial than any other German city.

Eugen D'Albert has been chosen director of the Berlin Royal Academy of Music, as successor to Joachim—one of the most coveted and influential positions in Europe. But it is as an opera composer that he has chiefly come into prominence lately. After writing several operas which were failures, he at last composed one—"Tiefland"—which nearly every German opera house hastened to perform. Spurred on by this success D'Albert's pen in a short time turned out another score, which was promptly produced at Hamburg. It is "Tragaldabas," based on a French comedy of that name by August Vacquerie. This play was produced in Paris in 1848, and gave rise to a good deal of literary skirmishing. Among those who took part in the fight were Victor Hugo, Théophile Gautier, Murger, Balzac, George Sand, Alexandre Dumas, Girardin, Musset. There were violent protests against the play, but finally it conquered, and its admirers proclaimed its immortality. Oblivion followed soon. Accounts agree that the Hamburg audience which was first to hear the opera was not particularly edified. D'Albert makes much use of stopped trumpets and trombones, and vies with Offenbach in searching for humorous effects. But the opera was evidently written in a hurry, and there is not enough melodic invention to float it to success. It is not his first comic opera. His "The Departure," and "Flauto Solo" belong to the same genre. Both were failures.

Art.

The Gothic Quest. By Ralph Adams Cram. Pp. 358. New York: Baker & Taylor Company. $1.50 net.

This little book is made up of twelve distinct essays, some of them public addresses, some reprinted from the *Catholic World*, the *Magazine of Christian Art*, and certain American architectural journals. The dates of their first appearance range from 1893 to 1907. They are, however, singularly alike in tone and spirit: they breathe the same lofty purpose; they preach one uniform doctrine of fine art as a form of religious thought and religious enthusiasm. In saying "enthusiasm" there is always implied excess, however worthy the theme, and a tendency to unsupported assertion. For example, page 100 contains this sweeping generalization:

> We must cease looking on the house of God as a Sunday club; we must give as men gave in the fourteenth century; we must give with the spirit in which they gave, for if we give from motives of ostentation, emulation, self-glorification, our work will be as hideous as it is now, and we ourselves shall be deservedly damned.

It would not be fair to select that passage if it stood alone, but there is the frequent assertion and constant assumption that mediæval architecture in western Europe was indeed religious in its suggestion, pious in its purpose, and almost faultless in artistic character. Now the cautious historian may admit that there is a basis of truth in such dicta as these (p. 101):

> Luther killed all art but music in Germany. . . Calvin killed all righteous art in France. . . . Henry VIII. killed all art whatever in England.

Moreover, if the historian be also a worker in modern architectural art, he may regard as tenable the further proposition: "We must go back to mediæval times . . . and take up the work where then it was broken off." Where it was broken off: *i. e.*, not the early prime, not the thirteenth century, but the latest English Gothic is held up as a *proper starting point for* modern art.

Indeed, those of us who watch the growth of American art are aware of Mr. Cram's serious design. We know that the churches of his firm (Cram, Wentworth & Goodhue, or later Cram, Goodhue & Ferguson), when they are what Mr. Cram would call churches indeed, that is, buildings for Catholics or Anglicans, are always in a style founded upon just such study of the latest English Gothic, the Perpendicular, the Fan-Vaulted, the Tudor form of Gothic, which the above quotations bid us expect. Some years ago we used to hear in architectural circles the term Extended Gothic, used perhaps loosely for this modern development. The churches designed in this style by this firm are worthy of close study, and of much admiration; they show that the seemingly impractical aspiration of the writer has already been put into a way of realization. The artist and author is therefore properly impatient in asking that not merely the outward appearance of the places of worship, not merely the interior decorations, with sculpture and appropriate painting, that not merely these be brought back to the fourteenth-century stage of perfection, but that the whole body of the ceremonial be treated as a great

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fine art, and every part of it—costume, furniture, music, chanting, and recitation—that all be brought up to the noble standard set for us by mediæval Catholic worship. His thesis is:

There is no other work of art more entirely perfect than a solemn High Mass forging its splendid way through the mysterious lights and the veiling incense of an old Gothic cathedral, to the sonorous beating of deep Gregorians. It takes rank with, and even above, the other triumphs of art.

With this as his aspiration the author cannot but be somewhat despondent. But the thoughtfulness of his reasoning, and his protest against the evil tendencies in modern architecture, deserve the attention even of those persons who cannot accept to the full the remedies suggested by Mr. Cram.

In the December number of the *Burlington Magazine* the department of Art in America spills over, so to speak, into the body of the magazine; for the frontispiece is a photogravure of Renoir's Mme. Charpentier and her Children, now in the Metropolitan Museum, and the leading article is a commentary on that work by Léonce Bénédite, who writes from the point of view of an ardent admirer of the much-discussed picture—a picture which, with all its impressionistic technic and its blue and pink coloring, has yet a certain kinship with the paintings of fashionable ladies by Cabanel. There are other works by Renoir, to say nothing of greater artists, unrepresented in our museums, that would have been better worth the great price paid for this one. The American section proper includes a reproduction of Brandegee's portrait of Miss Porter with a brief note upon it, a list of the works of Saint-Gaudens, which, though it includes one hundred and seven numbers, is far from complete, and an illustrated article on the Burgundian tapestries in the Metropolitan. The rest of the issue is of the usual varied substance, one of the most interesting items being the clear evidence of Watteau's borrowings from Rubens shown in a drawing in the British Museum after one of the paintings now in the Louvre.

"The Palaces of Crete and Their Builders," by Angelo Mosso, an account of the results of the excavations in Crete by the British and Italian Schools of Archæology, will soon be issued by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

An important fresco by Masolino da Panicale has been discovered by F. Mason Perkins, who communicates his find to the *Rassegna d'Arte* for December. The group, an enthroned Madonna and Child with angels, appears to be the central portion of a larger composition. It may be seen in the Church of S. Fortunato at Todi. The article is accompanied by several cuts of details on a generous scale which fully establish the attribution. One wishes that the *Rassegna* might always practise this wise liberality, for its illustrations are too often in disheartening contrast to the valuable text they accompany. In this number, Dr. Gerevich continues his exhaustive study of the beginnings of the revival of painting in Bologna. Lorenzo Costa is the theme of the present instalment.

If it was worth while to do over again so soon what Samuel Isham had done so well in his "History of American Painting," Charles H. Caffin has done it fairly well in "The Story of American Painting" (F. A. Stokes Co.). If not an original critic, Mr. Caffin generally knows where to go for opinions or information, and seldom makes serious mistakes. In type, paper, etc., the book is an ugly one, and the printing of illustrations on both sides of the paper is an ill-judged economy, while the lines of comment, in italic type below the pictures, are disagreeably disturbing. For these things Mr. Caffin is, presumably, not responsible, and he has provided an amount of information and of sensible remarks thereon that will doubtless be welcome to the public for which such books are provided.

For a similar public, anxious for easily assimilable instruction in art, Miss Estelle M. Hurll has provided a very rudimentary form of it in her "Portraits and Portrait Painting" (Boston: L. C. Page & Co.). Any child should be able to understand all that she has to say, or at least to repeat it with an air of understanding, which is perhaps, all that is necessary. There are errors in the book, which it is hardly worth while to point out, but it is harmless and unexciting.

The special committee of trustees of the American Academy in Rome, empowered to select three scholarship men, one each in architecture, sculpture, and painting, to receive $1,000 a year for three years, has chosen Ernest Farnham Lewis of Boston for architecture, and Sherry E. Fry, now in Europe, for sculpture. It was decided not to appoint a painter this year. For the proposed endowment fund of $1,000,000, subscriptions of $100,000 each have been received from J. Pierpont Morgan, Henry Walters, William K. Vanderbilt, James Stillman, Henry C. Frick, and Harvard University through Henry L. Higginson. Efforts to raise $100,000 each are also being made by Yale University, Columbia University, the University of Chicago, and the Society of Beaux Arts Architects. None of the subscriptions has been called in; but the founders have placed in the treasury of the academy an amount equivalent to 4 per cent. on their subscriptions to meet the current expenses.

Among the exhibitions at the dealers' galleries in this city are water colors by Herbert W. Faulkner, at Powell's, till January 11; modern Dutch, Barbizon, and early English paintings, Scott & Fowles's; etchings by Miertatz, William Schaus's. An exhibition of drawings by Rodin will be held at the rooms of the Proto-Secession, No. 291 Fifth Avenue, January 2 to 21.

John Lambert, painter, died December 29 at Jenkintown, Pa. He had been ill for some time, and late last summer was compelled to cease working in Spain because of failing eyesight. Born in Philadelphia in 1861, he studied at the Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia, and afterwards in New York, Paris, and Naples. He first exhibited at the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts in 1895, and his last work was a portrait of Albert Chevalier, the coster singer, in the character of "'Awkins." Among his other pictures were portraits of Selden Miller, John R. Read, and Miss Cecilia Beaux.

Finance.

THE REPORTS OF THE BANKS.

When the reports of the national banks of New York city, made under the call of December 3, were compiled more than a fortnight ago, they threw on banking conditions but little more light than the weekly statements. But some questions of interest remained. Had interior banks reduced their loans while New York banks were increasing them, and added to their cash reserve while New York's was being depleted? Between October 24, the panic day, and December 3, the date of the reports, $41,000,000 in cash had been deposited at New York by the government, and not much less than $70,000,000 of gold had come in from Europe. Yet in that period cash holdings of the Associated Banks of New York city had actually decreased $43,000,000. Where had this $154,000,000 of actual money gone? Partly into the hoards of private individuals; partly into other local institutions. But inland banks are known to have drawn cash heavily from New York. Was this currency used to make good the ravages of hoarders at other cities than New York, or was it added outright to interior bank reserves? Only the statements of these inland banks could tell the story.

These are the changes, between August 22, the date of the preceding call for reports, and December 3; the comptroller of the currency's compilations are used:

	N. Y. City alone.	Outside of N. Y.
Loans ..... Inc.	$59,396,000	Dec. $152,643,000
Individual deposits ..... Inc.	96,266,000	Dec. 238,428,000
Due from other banks ..... Dec.	6,216,000	Dec. 140,726,000
Due to banks & trust cos... Dec.	27,412,000	Dec. 196,265,000
Cash ..... Dec.	43,159,000	Inc. 2,320,000

The figures for national banks outside New York will be received with astonishment. That these institutions should have cut down loans enormously while New York was increasing them, was expected; the change is explicable mainly through the recall by Western banks of their large credit accounts outstanding in New York—a process which forced New York institutions to replace a part of these loans by actual increase of credit facilities on their own account. But what was not expected is the evidence from these figures, first, that interior banks have not called in, from New York and elsewhere, as much of their own deposits with other institutions as they have lost through recall of similar deposits from themselves; and second, that these inland banks have not heaped up a pile of needless cash in their own vaults.

It is true that while New York's national banks lost $43,000,000 cash between August and December, banks in the rest of the country have lost none. But the $2,300,000 increase, at other places than New York, is a bagatelle when one considers the money poured into the banks in the interval. The difference in the result, at New York and elsewhere, is a plain enough consequence of the converging of the trust company run and the attendant money-hoarding, on this city; but the fact of an actual and heavy net loss of cash, by the whole system of national institutions, leaves

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the problem, as to the disposition of the gold imports and the treasury's cash deposits as puzzling as before.

The government did not restrict its deposits to New York; between August 22 and December 3, its deposits, in the national banks of the country as a whole, increased $80,000,000. This, with the gold importations of the period, must have added $150,000,000 to the joint holdings of these institutions; yet the comptroller's compilations of this week show that all the 6,600 national banks held less cash by $40,800,000 in December than in August. The use of cash in the harvest districts does not at all explain it. In the similar months of the normal years 1904 and 1905, the national banks lost respectively $19,000,000 and $43,000,000 from their cash reserves; in 1906, when we were large gold importers, they actually gained $8,000,000. None of these figures provides a parallel for the disappearance, during the same three months in 1907, of nearly $200,000,000 cash.

What is manifest, however, so far as these national bank reports are witness, is that the West has suffered with the East, that there is little ground for sectional recrimination, and that the salient fact of the period has been the prodigious extent to which these banks were entangled among themselves, and the violence of their raid upon one another. The evidence that this was largely a panic of banks, as distinguished from a panic of individual depositors, is quite irrefutable.

A curious light is thrown on the affair by comparison with the national bank returns of 1893. Between June 12 of that year—two weeks before the panic day—and October 3, the statements show the following changes:

	N. Y. City alone.	Outside of N. Y.
Loans	Dec. $27,300,000	Dec. $158,700,000
Individual deposits	Inc. 2,800,000	Dec. 107,800,000
Due to banks & trust cos...	Dec. 9,600,000	Dec. 6,400,000
Due from banks	Dec. 5,000,000	Dec. 16,000,000
Cash	Inc. 32,000,000	Inc. 24,600,000

In the matter of loans, these banks then acted much as they have done in 1907. But the $59,000,000 gold imported in the panic of 1893 had very clearly gone into bank reserves and stayed there, while the quite insignificant changes in the accounts of the banks with other institutions showed that no such tangle of institution credit can have existed then. But the currency premium, and the restriction on depositors at New York, disappeared in 1893 on September 2, and that of itself accounts for much.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Almanach de Gotha, 1908. Lemcke & Buechner.

Aulard, A. Taine, Historien de la Révolution Française. Paris: Armand Colin.

Ballard, Eva C. She Wanted to Vote, or Home Influences. Crawfordsville, Ind.: T. F. Ballard. $1.40 net.

Barth, Fritz. The Gospel of St. John and the Synoptic Gospels. Eaton & Mains, 40 cents net.

Beth, Karl. The Miracles of Jesus. Eaton & Mains. 40 cents net.

Browne, Sir Thomas. Hydriotaphia or Urne-Buriall. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Bruce, Wallace. Scottish Poems.—Leaves of Gold.—Wanderers. 3 vols. Bryant Union Co. $3.

Calvert, Albert F., and C. Gasquoine Hartley. Velazquez. John Lane Co. $1.25 net.

Corfort, William Wistar. Exercises in French Prose Composition. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 25 cents.

Grutzmacher, Richard H. The Virgin Birth. Eaton & Mains. 40 cents net.

Hartog, P. J. The Writing of English. Henry Frowde. 60 cents.

Hase, Karl von. New Testament Parallels in Buddhistic Literature. Eaton & Mains. 40 cents net.

Hebbard, S. S. The Philosophy of History. Maspeth Publishing House.

Heine's Die Harzreise. Edited by B. J. Vos. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.

Holmes, T. Rice. Ancient Britain and the Invasions of Julius Cæsar. Henry Frowde.

James, Henry, Novels and Tales of. New York edition. Vols. I. and II. Scribners. $2.

Liefmann, Robert. Ertrag und Einkommen auf der Grundlage einer rein subjektiven Wertlehre. Jena: Gustav Fischer.

Macdonald, D. The Oceanic Languages. Henry Frowde. $4.20.

Meyer, Max. The Sinlessness of Jesus. Eaton & Mains. 40 cents net.

Miller, Elmer I. The Legislature of the Province of Virginia. Macmillan.

Mitchell, Donald G., the Works of. Edgewood Edition. Vols. XIII., XIV., XV. Scribners.

Mosenthal, S. H. Stories of Jewish Home Life. Philadelphia: Jewish Publication Society of America.

Old Buildings of New York City. Brentano's.

Oxyrhynchus Papyri. Part V. Edited by Bernard P. Grenfell and Arthur S. Hunt. London: Egypt Exploration Fund.

Riggenbach, Eduard. The Resurrection of Jesus. Eaton & Mains. 40 cents net.

Shakespeare's Sonnets. Introduction by W. H. Hadow. Henry Frowde. $1.75.

Sidney's Apologia for Poetrie. Edited by J. Churton Collins. Henry Frowde. 60 cents.

Sterne, C. A. When Things Were Doing. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co.

Strobridge, Idah Meacham. The Loom of the Desert. Los Angeles, Cal.: Artemisia Bookbindery. $1.75.

Thomson, William de Forest. The Passing of Time. Robert Grier Cooke.

Underwood, Joseph Harding. The Distribution of Ownership. Macmillan.

Vigny, Alfred de. Servitude et Grandeur Militaires. Edited by C. L. Freeman. Henry Frowde.

Wendling, George R. The Man of Galilee: A New Enquiry. Washington: Olcott Publishing Company. $3.

Whitaker's Almanack, 1908. Peerage. London.

Wiedersheim, Robert. Comparative Anatomy of Vertebrates. Translated by W. N. Parker. Macmillan Co. $3.75 net.

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